JOHN BULL, JUNE 15, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1200.
Vol. XLV.

OVER A MILLION SALE

"Smiling" JIM KEMPSTER,

Dirt-Track Star, *Blindfolded*, picks SARONY

"If I were choosing a motor-cycle I should try-out several of the best makes — one against the other. Then I should pick the one which gave the best results.

"Naturally the same applies to cigarettes. Anyway, in the Blindfold Test, I happened to choose a Sarony because, in my opinion, it possessed a certain smoothness which makes all the difference in the long run. Not that the other four were bad. Far from it."

Jim Kempster

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

Test No. 49. 6.5.29

The blindfolded smoker tries five leading brands. Fresh coffee is at hand to be sipped between each cigarette, to clear the taste. Only one question is asked: "Which did you enjoy most?" Sarony's famous *smoothness*, and complete absence of bite or parch, is obtained by extraordinary care in tobacco leaf selection. A very careful blending of only picked leaves from a group of certain choice tobaccos gives Saronys their soothing fragrant smoothness. So, "you can tell the difference, even blindfolded."

Jim Kempster, who rose to stardom in 1928 by being the first English rider to win a trophy in competition with crack Australian riders. Kempster has also—on several occasions—won various trophies such as The Gold Helmet, The Silver Helmet, etc. etc.

Sarony

10 *for* 6d. 20 *for* 1/-

YOU PICK OUT SARONYS FOR THEIR SMOOTHNESS

Issued by United Kingdom Tobacco Co. (1929) Ltd.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies of Drapery, Linens, Bedding, Remnants, Men's Overalls, Hosiery, direct and save middle profits. Largest stocks in the Trade. List Free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester. (Estab. 1910.)

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat.—H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. (Wholesale only.)—Levy Bros., Dept. B., 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

56-PAGE CTLG. GNL. DRAPERY, 14-PAGE LDS. COAT & DRESS CTLG. These two fine Catgs. post free. All Depts. of Lds.', Men's, Child.'s Outfitting, Household Goods, Fancy Linens, etc. New, smart and reliable goods at keenest prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co., 1, Wade Lane, Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare time; every kind, good profits. 160-page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

Have you looked into JOHN BULL'S Shop Window on page 12!

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Particulars free. Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED, extra liberal terms, no waiting, commission paid immediately you start selling Boots, Shoes, Clothing, stockings, &c., on credit. Apply to Masters, Ltd., Rye. (Est. 1869).

EARN £5 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free.—Cosy Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

XMAS CLUB Agents wanted. NO OUTLAY. Chocolates, Fancy Goods, Toys. FREE GIFTS for agents. Big cash commission. Catalogue free.—F. J. Tate, 9, Heaton's Court, Leeds.

AGENCY.—Add to your earnings by representing in spare time old-established firm selling Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc.; cash and credit; any man in regular work can apply; good commission; liberal supply samples; splendid catalogue; no outlay whatever.—Dept. J., Bessant, Bright Street, Leicester.

AGENTS REQUIRED. Wholesale Bespoke Tailors now going Direct to Public require reliable men; 25% commission paid immediately orders booked; no collecting, no outlay; business taught. Apply for Pattern Books and particulars.—Allsobrook, Ltd., 15, Mousell St., Manchester.

START A WINE AND SPIRIT CLUB. New and very profitable scheme.—Write, VIADUCT STORE, 226, Kirkstall Road, Leeds.

TRAVELLERS wanted, calling on Chemists, Ironmongers, every Town (except Birmingham); good commission weekly; Smith, Son & Jones, 174, Corporation St., Birmingham.

HOUSE Canvassers wanted. Product "Windowpol," which cleans windows, mirrors, tiles, without water, leather or powders. Supplied to L. & N.E.R. and 200 Corporations. Write now.—Hulse, Ltd., Woodlesford, Leeds.

WANTED, LIVE MEN who can appoint others in works, factories, to run FREE BONUS CLUBS. ALL CLASSES OF GOODS SUPPLIED. No outlay—everything provided. You can EARN £1 a week in your spare time for an hour's work each week. Permanent salaried posts offered to approved men.—Full particulars from Box 118, c/o Knights, 55, Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

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MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars, BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

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BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell again to friends, etc. Over 12/- in the £ profit. No order too small. Catalogue Free.—NICKSON'S, Manuft's, Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

WANT TO JOIN THE POLICE? Study at home to pass educational test.—Write, Secretary, Forces Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

100 BOYS, 15 to 18½, wanted monthly for Australian farms. Great prospects for strong boys of good character. Advanced passages.—Write or call, O.S., Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, W.1.

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BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 3/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Phone: Chancery 8113.

PRINTING. 10,000 Handbills or programmes at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples for all trades, with list of 887 prices, sent for 3d. postage.—Mead & Son, Rookery, Bedfordshire.

BILLHEADS, 5 x 5, 2/- 100. Free Visiting Cards. Particulars and Samples for stamp.—ATKINSON BROS., 313, MANCHESTER RD., HUDDERSFIELD.

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CHEAP Printing.—1,000 Cards, Billheads or Handbills from 2/6. Other Cheap Printing. Samples free.—Pearson's, Church Rd., Portsmouth.

FREE.—List of printing for Dances, Whist-Drives, Socials, Concerts, Bazaars.—Stafford & Co., Ltd., Netherfield, Nottingham.

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BARGAIN SALES.

"THE EXCHANGE & MART" (2d. every Thursday) wants every reader of *John Bull* to send for FREE specimen copy. Send postcard now to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1½ lb., for socks, etc. White Yarn 3/6 lb., Grey 3/10, Post free. Patts. of Serges, Tweeds, etc.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Warehouse, Wellington, Som.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged Ware, etc. Keenest prices, Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Satis. guarant'd. Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. S), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

FURNITURE.—Three rooms nicely furnished for 25 guineas. Bedroom Suite, including Polished Walnut Dressing Chest of Drawers with Large Swinging Mirror, Marble-top Washstand, Full-size Massive Black and Brass Bedstead with Spring Mattress and all new Bedding complete. Heavy Black and Brass Fender and Brasses. Strong Parlour Suite in Leather, comprising Well-Sprung Couch, 2 Arm-chairs and 4 small Chairs, Polished Walnut Centre Table and Overmantel to match, Axminster Rug and Pretty Carpet 3 yards long, Curtains, Pictures, Kitchen Furniture, including extending Dining Table, Chairs, Lino, Rugs, Oxidised Curb, etc. The lot complete, accept 25 Guineas. Great Sacrifice. Would separate. Quite New. Easy Terms arranged. All goods packed and put on rail free and sent any distance. Home Furnishing Stores, 21 and 21a, Seaside Road, Eastbourne.

CYCLISTS!—BIG FREE MONEY-SAVING GUIDE. Full range high-grade "CAPTAIN" Cycles—absolutely the last word in Speedres. Cash and Easy Terms. Tyres and Accessories in vast numbers. Revelation prices. Write "Catalogue Please" on a postcard to-night!—H. FITZPATRICK, Dept. 52, Burnley.

CRANE'S offer free Catalogue No. 240, of their famous Pianos, obtainable for 20/- down, on page 36.

ALL FURNITURE DELIVERED FREE AND PRIVATELY.

IF DESIRED, OUR TRAVELLING SALESMAN WILL CALL AND ESTIMATE WITHOUT OBLIGATION.

Cut out and send this Coupon in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).

PLEASE SEND POST FREE YOUR CATALOGUE OF FURNITURE BARGAINS.

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J.B. .....

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STOKE NEWINGTON- 88-90, HIGH STREET, N.16.
CRICKLEWOOD- 140, BROADWAY, N.W.2.
HOLBORN- 51, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.1.
WHITECHAPEL- 223-5, WHITECHAPEL ROAD, E.1
WIMBLEDON- 81, BROADWAY, S.W.19.
UPTON PARK- 361, GREEN STREET, E.13.
STRATFORD- 379-381, HIGH STREET, E.15.
202, HARROW ROAD, PADDINGTON, W.2.
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BOW- 165, BOW ROAD, E.3.
CHELSEA- 363, FULHAM ROAD, S.W.10.
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SWANSEA- 223, OXFORD STREET.
SWANSEA- 34, HIGH STREET.
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BRISTOL- 77-78, REDCLIFFE STREET.
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CARNARVON- CASTLE SQUARE.
BRISTOL- 21, STOKES CROFT.
CHESTER- 22, BRIDGE STREET.

WOOLS.—Enormous clearance, 1d., 1½d., 1¾d. oz. Rug, 6¾d., 1/-, 1/6, 1/11½. Guide, 600 samps. free.—SCOTIA WOOLS, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. 150 patterns 1929 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late Leeds), 21, Shields Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ART Spun Silk Crêpe, 6d. 4-oz. hank. Knitting and Machine Wools from 1½d. oz. Rug Chenille from 6½d. Rug Wools from 1/8½ lb. Samples free.—Newer-the-Wool Co., 160, New Bridge St., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS.—Send to the original mail order firm for the largest pattern book published, post free.—Blakey, Morris & Co. (London), Ltd., Dept. M., 32, London Rd., Southwark, London.

RUBBER STAMPS, DATERS, STAMP PADS. Lowest prices. Cat. Free.—WAUNSTON TRADING CO., MORRISTON, GLAM.

WIRELESS FOR ALL.—Complete sets or component parts on very easy terms or keenest cash prices. Immed. delivery. State wants. Satisfaction guaranteed. — Wooldridge's, 20, Lisle Street, London, W.C.2.

YOU CAN'T GET THEM CHEAPER. For trial doz. Gillette type Blades send 1/6.—Clive Cutlery Supply, 154, Edmund Rd., Hastings.

SEND at once for free 11-pt. of SELFRIDGE'S CYCLES. Mention *John Bull*. See page 32.

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MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon blended. Empire blend, 4 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 13/-. No. 1 dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-. Special dust, 7 lb. 8/-, 10 lb. 8s. All carriage paid.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA, Direct from Blenders to Household, at Wholesale Prices: 1/2, 1/4, 1/8, 2/- per lb. Carr. pd. on 4 lb. Tea Dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 10 lb. 7/-.—Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, West Ham, E.

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DRESS.

BABY'S Better Quality 85-piece Layette 29/6. Best mate'ls, Best Bargain. Mat. Coats, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flans., Naps., Barras, Towels. Purchase from a Mother, 14 years' exp. Send 2/- for p'ls.; appro. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-. 90 Home-made pieces. Contains everything from Chris. Robes to Napkins. A purchaser writes:—"Best value I ever had." Another: "Your layettes are worth £3." 8 to 10 letters daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. Cash or instalments.—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Rd., Portsmouth.

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MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 22/6; motors, 8/6; records, Violins, Accordions, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Regent Co., 120, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmer's, 155, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES, Motors, Latest Internal Horns, etc. Lists free. Building Instructions, 3d. BURT'S, 188, High St., Deptford, London, S.E.8.

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LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 30/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

EGGS for HATCHING from POULTRY! Big money in poultry keeping, if you follow Will Hooley's advice every week in "The Poultry World"; 2d. every Friday, all newsagents; specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

YOUR DOG can't write, so do it for him. Send postcard to Spillers for LIBERAL FREE SAMPLE of "Shapes," the new small biscuit for dogs of every age and breed; four flavours and shapes.—Spillers Victoria Foods, 1, Jamaica Street, Bermondsey, S.E.1.

FREE TO CANARY LOVERS! A specimen copy of "CAGE BIRDS," the popular 2d. weekly for bird fanciers, will be sent to those who write to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

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MEDICAL. CURATIVE. JB

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Pellets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No hard pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (4683D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

OFF COLOUR. That's the time to take BOLS VERY OLD GENEVA (in the Square Bottle)—it's soothing and bracing. Everybody should, anyway, take Bols V.O. Geneva once in a while. It regulates the system for either sex.

MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERY cures Bladder Weakness and Kidney Troubles. Ask for PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY, 5/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw St., Liverpool. Sample 1d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book on genuine cure of Self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc. Recommended by Editor of "Health & Strength," sent privately for 3d. only. — Henry Rivers (J.B. 54), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

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WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 335, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

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FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approval. New Tyres for wkly. payments. Inquire, etc., 832, London Car Co., 52, Theobalds Road, W.C.1.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

64-page BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Estbd. 50 years. Advice Free matters. The Herbalists, Richmond Rd., Cardiff.

WHO ARE YOU?—Your Letter Paper tells. It can make you look small or big, nobody or a somebody. It can do you harm or do you good, socially. So why not have dignified, artistic EMBOSSED printed heading, on beautiful crisp Koris Bond? Let these ASTOUNDINGLY LOW PRICES: 100 sheets, size 8 in. by 5 in. single Sheet, White Koris Bond; choice of EMBOSSED printing in Black or Red, for only 2/6. 250 Sheets, 7/6. Envelopes to match, Court size, 100 1/9, 500 6/-. Everything post free. Write your address in clear CAPITAL LETTERS, state colour; enclose P.O. If you require Double Sheets in Butcher Blue, Manilla or White, printing in any colour, at little extra price, ask for Booklet of Samples J.B. — Jones, 17b, Crescent, Birmingham.

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW how enjoyable modern stories can be until you read the BLUE MAGAZINE! June No. (1/-) contains 15 complete stories. Authors include "Sapper," C. Vivian and Oscar Cook. 1/- per copy. J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

MEND TEARS WITHOUT STITCHING. "Mend-a-Tear" and a hot iron will quickly mend torn costumes, suits, mack mackintoshes at Drapers, Boots Chemists, Cycle Agents, or free sample for 1½d. stamp.—Lee Rubber Co., Dept. B., Leicester.

"RECKLESS LOVE—AND AFTER," powerful article on sex and life by T. Partington. HEALTH AND STRENGTH, 6d. of all newsagents; 6d. post paid from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., E.C.1.

FREEMANS

CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE-TIME

AGENCY

BOOTS, Gents' and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

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Largest stock in the trade.
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NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.
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LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

— here follows one
of the most amazing
human documents
ever penned

P. T. O.

Exclusive Next Sunday!

NOW, AT LAST,

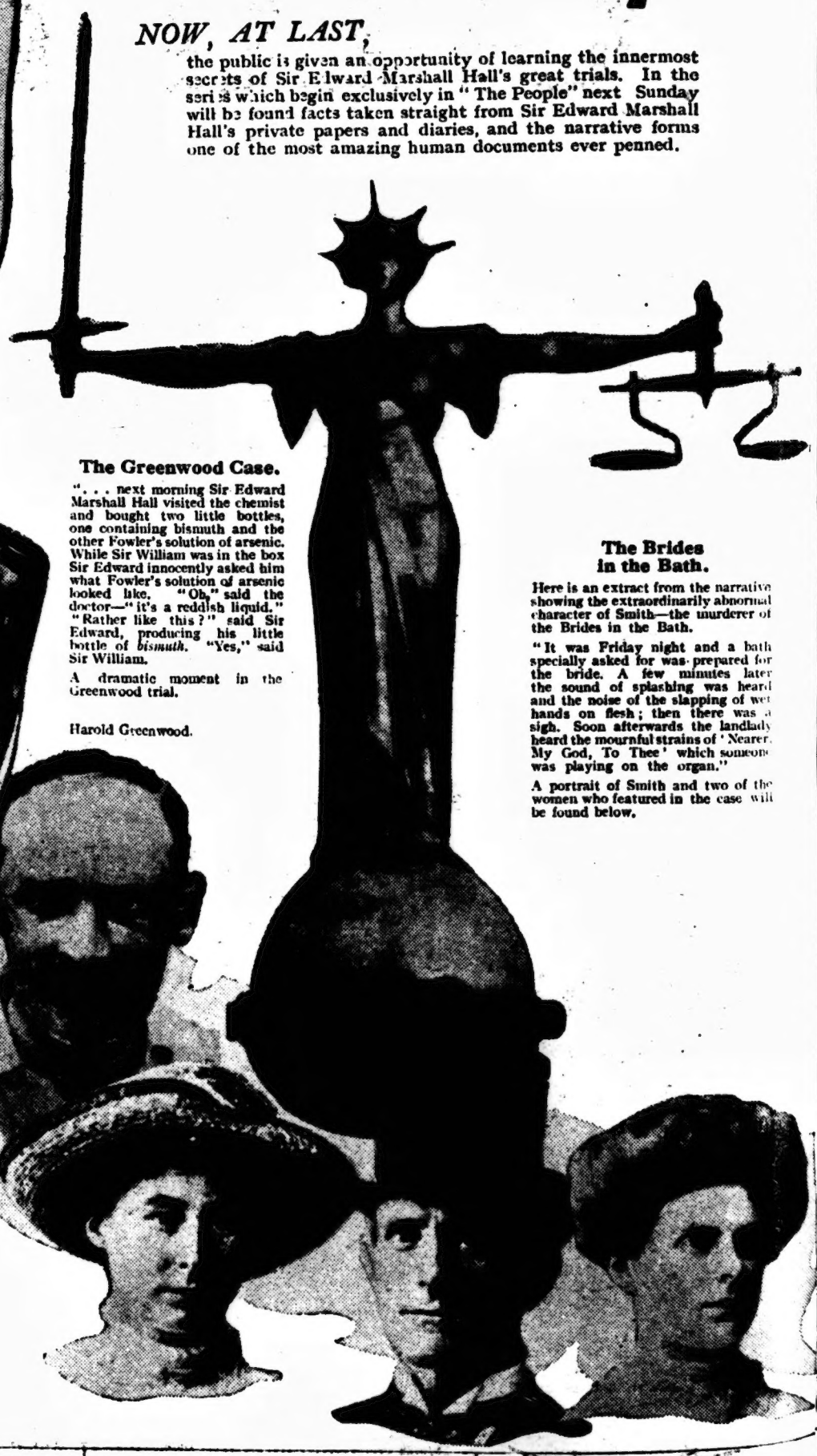
the public is given an opportunity of learning the innermost secrets of Sir Edward Marshall Hall's great trials. In the series which begin exclusively in "The People" next Sunday will be found facts taken straight from Sir Edward Marshall Hall's private papers and diaries, and the narrative forms one of the most amazing human documents ever penned.

Alphonso Smith

Seddon.

Seddon the Poisoner.

Seddon, the notorious murderer and arch hypocrite, poisoned his victim with fly-papers. He was a pillar of Society and an eloquent lay preacher. When arrested he said: "Absurd—what a terrible charge—it is the first of our family that has ever been accused of such a crime." "The blackest case I've ever been in," is the way Sir Marshall Hall sums up this famous trial.



The Greenwood Case.

". . . next morning Sir Edward Marshall Hall visited the chemist and bought two little bottles, one containing bismuth and the other Fowler's solution of arsenic. While Sir William was in the box Sir Edward innocently asked him what Fowler's solution of arsenic looked like. "Oh," said the doctor—"it's a reddish liquid." "Rather like this?" said Sir Edward, producing his little bottle of *bismuth*. "Yes," said Sir William.

A dramatic moment in the Greenwood trial.

Harold Greenwood.

The Brides in the Bath.

Here is an extract from the narrative showing the extraordinarily abnormal character of Smith—the murderer of the Brides in the Bath.

"It was Friday night and a bath specially asked for was prepared for the bride. A few minutes later the sound of splashing was heard and the noise of the slapping of wet hands on flesh; then there was a sigh. Soon afterwards the landlady heard the mournful strains of 'Nearer, My God, To Thee' which someone was playing on the organ."

A portrait of Smith and two of the women who featured in the case will be found below.

SECRETS OF MARSHALL HALL'S GREAT TRIALS

The only official Life Story authorised by the trustees, including Lady Marshall Hall—compiled from the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall's private papers and diaries and written by his personal friend Edward Marjoribanks, M.P., Barrister-at-Law.

SIR EDWARD MARSHALL HALL! The very name conjures up vivid memories of some of the most sensational trials of modern times.

IN "The People," beginning on Sunday next, the Secrets behind Marshall Hall's great trials are for the first time to be revealed in one of the most fascinating narratives ever penned. Documents will be published from the private papers and diaries of the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall, K.C., that will shed an entirely new light on crimes that have staggered the nation.

AMONG the dramatic trials of recent years in which Sir Edward Marshall Hall played a leading part and which are recounted in the enthralling series commencing in "The People" next Sunday, are the following:—

The trial of Smith—the man with the hypnotic eyes—who murdered the Brides in the Bath—

The case of Frederick Henry Seddon—the Poisoner—who murdered Miss Eliza Barrow—a man whom Marshall Hall considered had plumbed the very depths of human wickedness—

The Camden Town Murder—The Stella Maris Trial—The Blackpool Case—

The Yarmouth Beach Murder—The Green Bicycle case—The Eastbourne Beach Murder—The Madame Fahmy case—The case of Lock Ah Tam (who was executed for the murder of his wife and two daughters)——and many other cases of absorbing interest.

NEVER before in this generation has a series like this appeared. As you read "The People" week by week you will see enacted before you the most enthralling of all dramas ever played on the stage of life, for this series deals with the fate of human beings hanging by a thread between freedom and imprisonment—between life and death, and, striding like a Colossus across the stage you will find Sir Edward Marshall Hall, the greatest advocate of all time—a man of passionate sincerity and intense humanity, whose golden eloquence and withering logic has often rescued those accused of murder from the very shadow of the gallows—a man who even when he failed won the thanks of his clients and glowing tributes from his opponents.

WHATEVER you do, don't miss "The People" next Sunday. This series will create a profound impression throughout the country, and there will be a demand for "The People" absolutely without precedent.

The People

£1,000 FAIR-FOR-ALL X-WORD MUST-BE-WON Weekly

Enter for this the fairest of all Crossword Competitions — only two entries allowed from each reader. Every competitor has an equal opportunity of winning this Mammoth prize.

IN ORDER TO MAKE QUITE SURE OF YOUR COPY, PLACE AN ORDER WITH YOUR NEWSAGENT NOW BY FILLING IN THE FORMS BELOW.

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Please deliver or reserve "The People" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature:—

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Address .....

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15/6/29..... Date.....

CUT HERE

Post this Form to "The People"

To "The People" Registration Department, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "The People." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full (CAPITAL LETTERS):—

..... Age.....

Address .....

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Signature:—

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Name and Address of Newsagent:—

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Use a ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if a ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed to cover return postage.

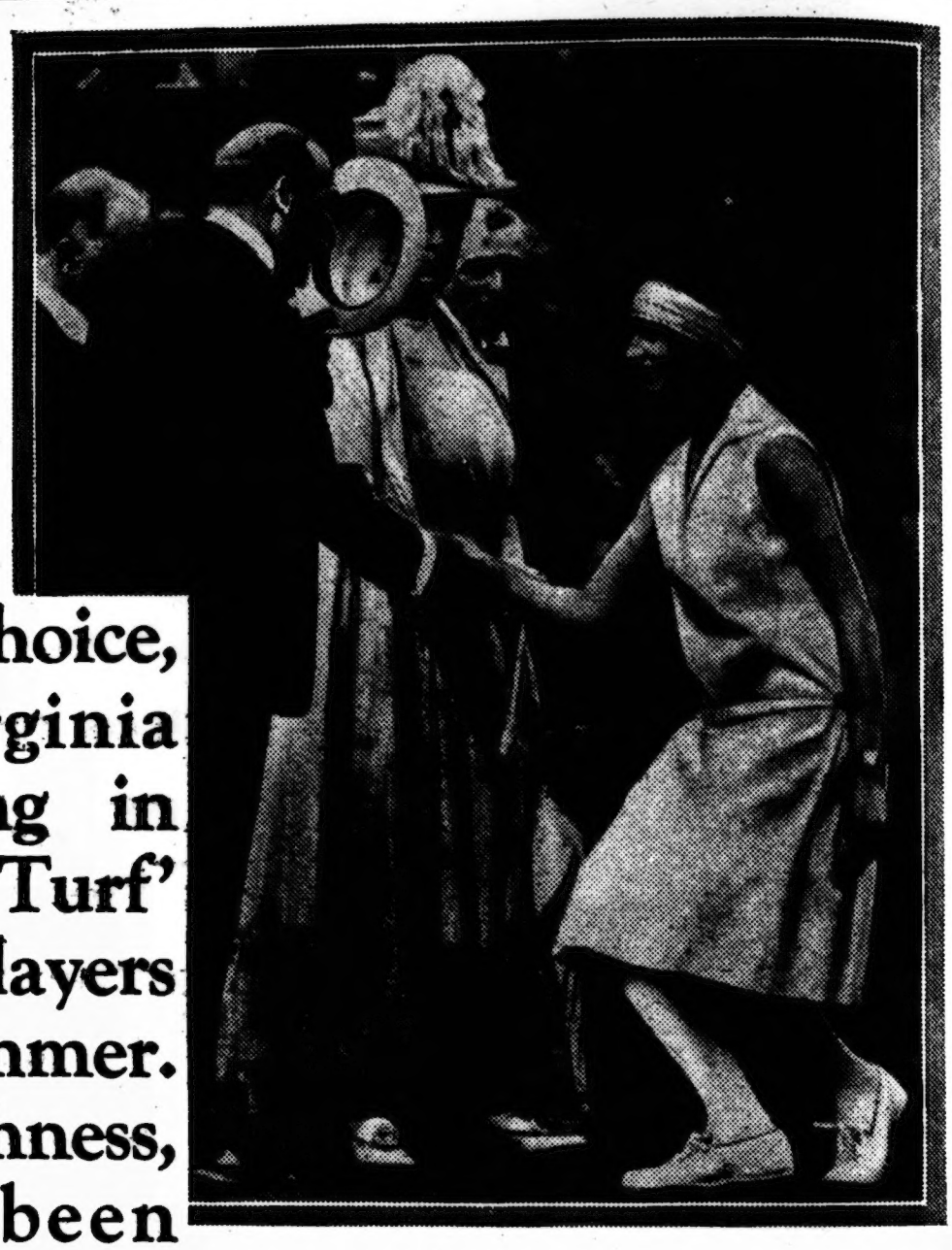
15/6/29 ..... Date. .....

OVER 15,000 FREE FAMILY INSURANCE BENEFITS ALREADY PAID

In the number of benefits paid to Registered Readers "The People" stands supreme and unchallenged. Become a Registered Reader by filling in the forms on the left.

3 Years ago—

the Lawn Tennis Jubilee Championship Meeting opened at Wimbledon on June 21st, 1926. Their Majesties the King and Queen presented commemoration medals to all the past Champions. More than 20 nations were entered for the tournament.



3 YEARS AGO choice, fine-flavoured Virginia Tobaccos were ageing in the wood for the 'Turf' Cigarettes Tennis Players will enjoy this Summer. That coolness, smoothness, mellowness has been accumulating since the Tennis Jubilee of 1926. Carreras wait 3 years before blending 'Turf'

'TURF'

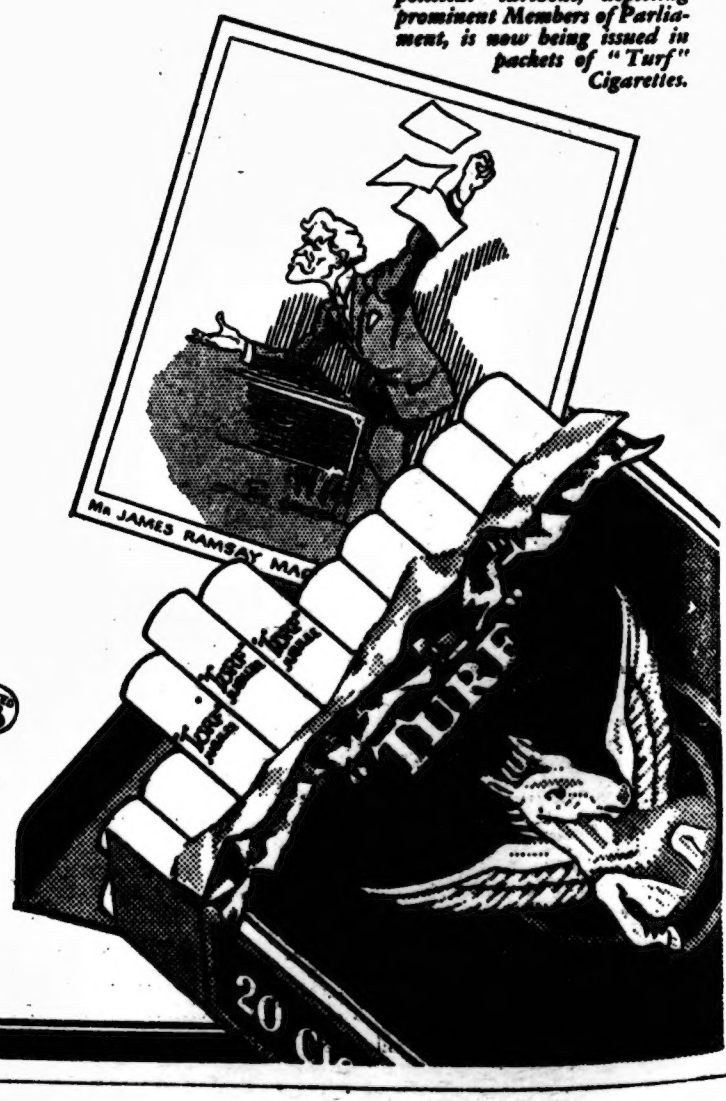
VIRGINIA

CIGARETTES

20 for 1/- 10 for 6d

Carreras make them!

An interesting series of 50 political cartoons, depicting prominent Members of Parliament, is now being issued in packets of "Turf" Cigarettes.



JOHN BULL,
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: GERRARD 9870.
Telegrams: HEROICALLY, LONDON.

JOHN BULL

For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY
for Week ending Saturday, June 15, 1929. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Choosing a Scapegoat—Stealing Thunder

Our Forecast—The "Thieves" Win

Buying an Empire

WE are not in a mood to join in singing the praises of Mr. W. A. Jowitt, K.C., Mr. MacDonald's recruit from the Liberal Party.

Mr. Jowitt is all that is said about him—a brilliant advocate, an able lawyer, a gifted orator, successful, handsome, well dressed, fond of animals and children, kind to his friends, and a howling social success.

But he is something more. He is a master of the strategy of political sail-trimming.

* * *

Listen to this from the *Star:* "Mr. Jowitt's sympathies with Labour are well known. During the Election he would not speak outside his own division, although his platform ability would have been of great assistance to the Liberal Party."

Whichever way the cat jumped, Mr. Jowitt was in a position to follow.

* * *

Well, we have no doubt that he will do excellent work, and will be an important asset to Mr. MacDonald's Cabinet.

Who's "for it"?

Who was it that advised Mr. Baldwin before the Election that the Conservatives would be returned with a clear majority of 50? And we wonder what Mr. J. C. C. Davidson, M.P., thinks about the situation now?

The chairman of the Conservative Party Organisation is in very bad odour with the rank-and-file of the Party, and it will be surprising if he retains the post much longer.

Even the blind

A man with a blind eye and no political experience at all could have seen that the Government was in for a trouncing if its leaders gave it no bold and imaginative policy with which to go to the country.

Twice in six years Mr. Baldwin has led the Conservatives to defeat.

He may be the chief culprit—but in the meantime there must be a scapegoat, and he will probably be Mr. J. C. C. Davidson.

Our deepest sympathy

Now that we have a Government able to break tradition, the time is ripe for the breaking of some hoary conventions in Royal circles.

There is the question of the donning of separate uniforms and suits for a multitude of separate occasions.

Our heart goes out to the Prince of Wales, who one day recently had to change nine times for as many distinct engagements. Among his changes were three separate full-dress colonel's uniforms.

Why not have one Royal uniform for all ceremonial occasions?

Fluttering pigeon-holes

Extensive new plans for public works are being prepared, under the guidance of Mr. J. H. Thomas, and Treasury and Transport officials are fishing many postponed schemes out of the pigeon-holes.

Labour intends to give employment to at least 300,000 more men within twelve months.

One Labour Minister informs us that "everything practical in the Liberal programme is acceptable to the Socialist Party."

This is reversing the tables with a vengeance. It used to be Liberals who said that of the Socialists.

Without malice

We have said some hard things about Mr. Churchill. But when we approached him for the exclusive article which we print on another page, he smiled and said: "Right." We like fighters: so does he.

Shrewd

A member of the new Government tells us that Labour will not agree to reform the electoral system in the direction of the alternative vote.

He rather shrewdly said that a reformed system would make the Liberals keener to try their luck at another election than they are now.

Joy and mourning

Some of the Tory Ministers left their departments unmourned by the staffs. Others went accompanied by sincere and long regrets.

He is almost a viscount now

The Admiralty grieved when "Willie" Bridgeman—now almost a viscount—dismantled his curtains and gear from the cosy official residence which is one of the "perks" of the First Lord's office.

The Treasury liked Winston's puckish smile and funny hats the legal pundits appreciated Lord Hailsham's grave and kindly thought for all his colleagues.

Concerning those whose passing is an occasion for joy, let us not jest. Their cup of bitterness is already full.

High price of failure

Political experts have calculated that the Liberal election campaign cost just about £1,000,000.

It resulted in the return of fifty-eight members to the House.

£17,500 per member seems a lot of money, even for a man with so much money on his chest as Mr. Lloyd George.

If you see it—

Before the Election, we printed a forecast of the Labour Cabinet. Not only was it in advance of all other Press statements, but it was substantially accurate.

We were certainly in error with Mr. A. V. Alexander at the Board of Trade, but the appointment of this co-operative stalwart to the Admiralty was hardly to be expected.

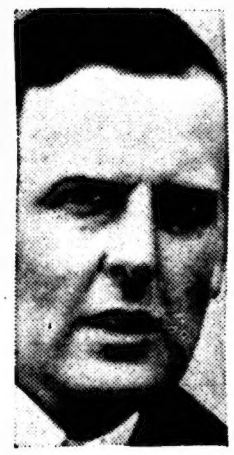
Also, we mentioned Sir Henry Slesser as a law officer, having reckoned without Mr. Jowitt. We will be forgiven.

Mr. MacDonald has made a good selection. Putting prejudice aside, all Parties are bound to admit that it is one of the ablest Cabinets that we have had for many years.

The omission of Mr. Maxton and Mr. Wheatley will make the coming debates all the more exciting.

The old gang

Even Socialists and Liberals are condoling with the Conservatives on the result of the Election. Their condolence is not prompted by the Conservative defeat, but by the nature of the Conservative casualties.



He told Mr. Baldwin of broken hearts

Colonel Moore-Brabazon—one of the defeated—told Mr. Baldwin in the House of Commons not long ago that he had broken the hearts of his young men. Mr. Baldwin has now done worse by throwing a great many of his young men to the wolves.

Most of the young Conservatives with progressive ideas held industrial seats in the Midlands and the North. Many of them have been defeated. The Conservative Party is largely denuded of its youth and brains.

But the old and rich men of the Party are safely entrenched in safe seats in London and the home counties.

"The Forty Thieves," as the young men called them, have triumphed at the expense of the rest—and of the Party.

Ten to one

Every single appointment that Mr. MacDonald has made has given rise to some bitter personal disappointments within the Labour Party, because there were so many aspirants for each office, and seniority and "vested rights" are less defined than in the older Parties.

Mr. MacDonald can say with the French statesman, in the case of each appointment, "I have made ten malcontents and one ingrate."

An unholy trinity

The close co-operation of the Ford motor interests, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and the great German chemical combine, I.G. Farbenindustrie, which is now taking place, aims at creating a group which will be the most powerful industrial and financial combination in the world.

Oil, chemicals and motors are the three things which the modern world needs most.

If they can be linked up as is now being attempted, the group will not only be able to make vast profits, but it will have a dominant influence in many other industries.

The main immediate purpose is to secure synthetic petrol for the oil combines and synthetic rubber for Ford. Will the consumer be allowed to benefit from the advance of scientific discoveries?

The Blue Bird winged

Our revelations concerning the group of Blue Bird companies are being followed by remarkable results. One by one the companies have been subjected to compulsory winding-up orders.

Mr. Francis Lorang, the man behind the ramp, who was always on the Continent when unpleasant questions were being asked, and who is abroad now, we believe in Spain, will have to face an official investigation, though he once told shareholders that they could go to the devil.

We would urge the fullest enquiry regarding facts contained in a certificate issued by the auditors of one of the companies, showing that a large part of £238,000 raised from shareholders had gone to other Blue Bird companies controlled by the same directors in respect of an alleged "secret process."

Keep our hint in mind.

Picturesque hell

"It is high time rickshaw men were abolished in our Eastern colonies," writes a friend from the East. "Exposed to all weathers—soaked during monsoons and grilled by tropical heat—it is not surprising that 45 per cent. die before reaching the age of forty.

"The rickshaw man leads a life of hideous slavery. Surely there is more useful work for him to do."

We agree.

Come down, Montagu!

The heavy slump on Wall Street, and the end of the speculative fever there, has removed the last shred of excuse for the high Bank Rate in this country.

Mr. Montagu Norman, chairman of the Bank of England, at the expense of British industry, has assisted the Federal Reserve Board in bringing to an end the flow of money to America for speculative purposes.

If a high Bank Rate here were ever necessary to prevent money leaving the country, it is no longer.

The Bank Rate should be lowered immediately and British industry given a chance to obtain cheap money.

The convalescent eagle

Germany is about to launch a determined campaign for the return of some of her Colonies, or, alternatively, for permission to purchase certain Portuguese colonies.

It is believed that Portugal would not be averse from making a deal in Portuguese East Africa.

Germany, with a certain amount of cunning, has sought to enlist the support of Britain to the deal by agreeing beforehand to provide the northern part of the Union of South Africa with much-desired access to the sea at Lourenco Marques.

IF YOU SEE IT—*(Continued)*

Let's hope he will not cause any trouble to us

Drop him

It is to be hoped that the European visit of the ex-King of Afghanistan will not cause us any diplomatic troubles in India or elsewhere.

It is an open secret that certain high officials in India have rather exceeded the limits of strict diplomacy and neutrality in their undisguised espousal of the ex-monarch's cause.

The tasks of our Foreign Office are quite difficult enough without permanent officials and military commanders indulging in private intrigues and political adventures.

We've often thought it

We do not suppose many prominent men would muster as much candour as Lord William Gascoyne Cecil, the Bishop of Exeter, recently displayed at a discussion on education.

He modestly declared that he could not claim to be an authority on the subject, adding that he had been educated at Eton, where he had learnt "absolutely nothing."

At any rate, the premier school of England can claim to have produced one very honest man.

In on spoiled papers?

Curious reports are being circulated about Sir Austen's return to Parliament. His majority was 43. But, it is stated, ninety-seven voting-papers in favour of the Labour candidate at West Birmingham were disqualified owing to disfigurement by too enthusiastic voters.

If this is the case, Sir Austen can congratulate himself on benefiting from the misguided efforts of fools. But it is scarcely a compliment to his opponent that his policy should have won the support of such obviously weak-headed people.

They kicked

What have the emigration authorities to say about this?

Six weeks ago six young Englishmen and Scotsmen went to Canada to take up guaranteed farm-work. From Quebec they were sent to Winnipeg, where, according to their statements to the Montreal police, they were given jobs at 10s. weekly for a fourteen-hour day.

By freight-train jumping, they moved on to Montreal to seek work in the city. There they went without food for days, and, in despair, the starving youths smashed the window of a bakery shop, grabbed a loaf, and sat on the pavement devouring it until the police arrived.

British boys do not behave like this without good cause.

Lunacy to order

On another page there appears an account of the astonishing heartlessness of the Board of Control.

Proper explanation ought also to be forthcoming regarding its treatment of aged Mrs. Mary Vane, who was confined in a Huddersfield mental institution.

Mrs. Vane's relatives, aware that she had returned to health, arranged for two London specialists to have her examined with a view to discharge.

The Lunacy Act provides that two examinations shall be made at the interval of a week. Immediately the first one had been completed and a favourable report made, Mrs. Vane was moved to another asylum at Banstead, Surrey.

It is slight wonder that Sir Frederick J. Willis, recently chairman of the Board, has admitted that the present system results in the manufacture of a great army of insane persons.

Too exclusive

The latest idea is to establish a "cocktail club" in the West End of London. No lunches or dinners, apparently, are to be served, only cocktails in every conceivable form of variety.

Bridge will be the only recreation for which there will be any facilities.

A more unnecessary and stupid scheme can hardly be imagined.

What would be said if the working men of a district tried to form a "B.B." Club"—a club established for the sole purpose of drinking bitter and Burton beers?

Yet the idea is precisely the same.

Election prize award

As soon as the last election result —that at Rugby, where polling-day was deferred through a candidate's death —is declared, the *Times* will publish its return of the total number of votes cast in all constituencies.

The moment this figure is made public, we shall publish the name of the winner of the £500 prize in our great election forecast, held in connection with the JOHN BULL secret ballot before the Election.

A waster's dinner

News comes to hand that a man with more money than wit is going to spend a thousand pounds on a dinner for six towards the end of the season.

The pity is that this sort of freak extravagance is always sure of plenty of advertisement.

If only the society writers for our fashionable journals would realise when they are boosting such tom-fool functions that they are really spreading Communistic propaganda, they would keep silent.

And without publicity all this sort of vulgar nonsense would die a natural death.

We regret

In our issue of May 4 we published the portrait of Mr. A. W. Hopkins, Deputy Chief Constable of Gloucestershire, in connection with a story of an ex-constable from another part of the country who had been unable to obtain employment.

Deputy Chief Constable Hopkins

It has been pointed out to us that the article had been understood to suggest that Mr. Hopkins had been a party to penalising this ex-constable.

We wish to make it quite clear that there is not the slightest foundation for the suggestion, and that Mr. Hopkins had no knowledge whatever of the ex-constable in question, or of his application to be employed in the Gloucestershire Force.

We beg, therefore, to tender to him our sincere regret for any annoyance which the publication of the article may have caused him.

Bubbles week by week

It is only a month since we had to expose once more the new audacities of Mr. William Billal Quilliam, the financier who fled London when his Direct Fish Supplies bubble was pricked by Lord Justice Lawrence.

Our revelations of his new device to obtain money from the public with the proposition of digging for rich marble in the Var district of France has apparently scared Quilliam off the mining venture.

He is the ablest quick-change company promoter we know. This week he has launched out into real estate, and has filled the advertisement columns of *L'Eclaireur de Nice* with offers of luxury shops, mansions and the like on the Riviera.

Quilliam will not stay out the season at Nice if the authorities forward his dossier to the Sureté-Generale.

Disappointed parties

It is a matter of remark in legal circles just now that many women barristers, disappointed at their lack of success at the Bar, are now seeking other kinds of employment.

She put up a brilliant defence

Truth to tell, with the exception of Miss Venetia Stephenson, who put up a brilliant defence in a murder case at the Old Bailey earlier in the year, and one or two others, women have proved failures as advocates.

Men jurors tend to imagine that a woman counsel is "getting round them" —they have experienced the cut before at home.

And one of our greatest criminal solicitors tells us that women jurors don't trust women barristers. Oh, these sister-women!

The poison-gas peddler

A few months ago an article appeared in JOHN BULL exposing the infamous activities of Dr. Stolzenburg, the Hamburg poison-gas merchant.

Following the disastrous explosion last year when many people were killed and injured, the German authorities destroyed his remaining stock by sinking at sea.

Stolzenburg then had the audacity to bring an action against the Hamburg authorities for damages.

After months of expensive litigation, the courts have finally rejected his claim, and Stolzenburg has to pay the costs.

We trust this is the end of this callous and thick-headed German, who still thinks he is living in 1915.

Well done!

The dangers which threaten kiddies who run about the streets of thickly populated cities is so obvious that most people accept it as inevitable.

Not so Major C. V. Godfrey, the Chief Constable of Salford, however, who has just persuaded the Watch Committee to agree to the closing of certain smaller streets, used as playgrounds by little children, to all motor traffic.

In taking this thoughtful step, a wise exception has been made in the cases of doctors' cars and ambulances. We like this combination of enterprise and humanity.

Ickle Poogie-woogs

An important and illuminating item is printed in the *South Wales News* concerning Poogs, a Pekinese, on whom Lady Cecil Douglas dotes:

"Poogs is fed scientifically, and from a small silver spoon, on carefully measured portions of minced point steak and patent bone and brawn-building baby food. . . . The Marchioness (of Queensberry) seldom misses a chance to be present at feeding time, for the dog is so excited about food."

This heartens us enormously.

Death slums

One of the first jobs that must be tackled by the new Government is the reduction of the infant death-rate in Scotland.

According to an official report just issued by the Scottish Board of Health, the death-rate per 1,000 births in Scotland for the year 1928 is 86.0, compared with 65.0 in England.

The Government must see to it that the Scots' babies have as good a chance of life as the babies of England.

Worse than smallpox

We draw the attention of the General Medical Council to the case of William Charles Burgess, aged ten, who recently died in the Connaught Hospital, Walthamstow.

The mother, giving evidence at the inquest, stated that the boy had "terrible arms" after vaccination. Her little girl, aged eight, suffered in a similar manner. Fortunately, she lived.

Deaths and serious illness after vaccination are becoming far too common. There is no doubt that, in some cases, lymph is taken from animals which are kept in a dirty condition.

Also, the number of cases of sleepy sickness is disturbing, and the assurances of the medical profession that all is well leave us unconvinced.

Others please copy

Newspapers which sell advertisement space to notorious bogus auctioneers like Mr. F. J. Miller, whose activities we have exposed, must be more wary in future.

We are glad to note that, among the Sussex papers, the *West Sussex Gazette*, of Arundel, refused Mr. Miller's advertisements.

If only other papers would follow this example, the "rigged-sale" scandal would soon be stamped out.

They believed the worst

The Bumbles responsible for the welfare of Winson Green, near Birmingham, evidently are ignorant of the rules of elementary justice.

They dismissed a scavenger in their employ, who was under a grave charge, but who had not yet been tried. The scavenger committed suicide.

Every schoolboy knows that in British law a man is deemed innocent until he is found guilty. It is for the officials who dismissed this man to determine to what extent they are responsible for his unhappy end.

There must be some uneasy consciences in Winson Green.

A hint to the new P.M.

Two years ago Mr. E. M. Atkins, of Southwell Gardens, London, S.W., fell down a lift-shaft at the Paddington District Office while employed as a postman.

Then he developed tuberculosis and has now been discharged as unfit for work.

All he has been awarded is £15 15s. 8d. under the Superannuation Act, and though his medical adviser is positive that his present condition is attributable to his accident, the postal authorities declare that they can do no more for him.

Surely a great Government service can watch the interests of its workers better than this?

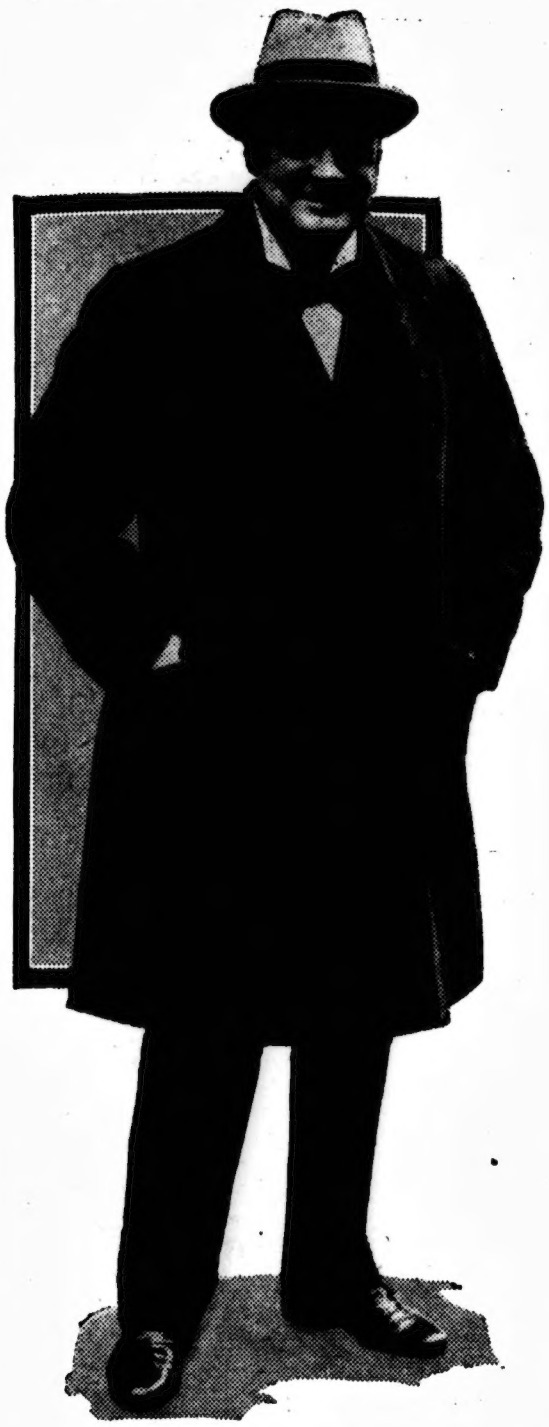
Dire threats

The last Canadian mail brought to this country thousands of frightening letters from Montreal debt-collecting lawyers demanding the recipients to pay sums varying from three to fifteen dollars to the Good Hope Manufacturing Company in that town, with the option of legal proceedings being enforced in London.

The people who have received them innocently entered for a so-called picture skill contest which the firms advertised extensively in Britain.

All of them were informed that they had been successful in obtaining maximum success, but that as a guarantee of good faith they would be required before receiving prizes to sell a stock of ointments forwarded to them.

This healing balm is unsaleable trash. Our advice to those who have been left with it on their hands is to return the stuff and ignore the threats.



" . . . The Conservative Party must have confidence in its own massive strength "

WHY WE LOST

by the Right Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.

WITH a smoothness almost uncanny, with a swiftness almost unprecedented, our political situation has been completely transformed. A few weeks ago a Conservative Government, with a united majority of two hundred, was looking forward hopefully to a renewal of effective power.

To-day, a Socialist Administration, supported by the strongest Party in the House of Commons, has assumed control of the fortunes of this island and of its world-wide affairs.

How did it happen?

There is never any lack of reasons to explain defeat or victory. In this case three causes stand out clearly from the welter. They can be described in as many sentences.

The three causes

FIRST, the natural desire for change after four and a half years of steady but unexciting administration.

Secondly, the prolonged campaign of disparagement levelled against Mr. Baldwin's Government by the powerful popular Press upon whose support and encouragement the Conservative forces have so often relied.

Thirdly, the cold-blooded use of the Lloyd George Fund to sabotage as many Conservative seats as possible, irrespective of the immediate interests of the Liberal Party.

These I set forth not in complaint, still less in recrimination—for this is no time for recrimination—but as matters of indisputable historical fact.

Were there other causes? Is the new universal suffrage more unfavourable to Conservatism than the old? Did the Conservatives misjudge the psychology of the average woman? Does the woman's vote remain still an enigma? Is it in the main independent of Party? These questions deserve more examination.

I can, of course, only state my own opinion.

Speaking broadly, I do not think the new electorate will in the long run prove adverse to Conservative interests, or that there is any ground for disheartenment upon that score. The new franchise merely revives in a multiple form the old household vote.

All the women have given very much the same verdict as in the same circumstances would have come from all the men. In the main, households have voted together, and though there are millions of exceptions, these probably balance each other. The same nation, with the same interests, hopes, fears and prejudices, has voted from the same homes.

Glittering promises

WAS the slogan "Safety First" well chosen? Was it resented by the younger voters of both sexes? Should we have stood a better chance by some gaudy firework display? Do democratic politics require vivid or even violent issues emerging from a cloud of vague glittering promises? And if this be true, ought we to have provided them?

The answers to these questions require a longer view.

The leaders of the late Government have a sincere conviction of having done their duty; they believe that British affairs have been faithfully, rightly, and sensibly administered during the last Parliament, and that any striking departure from orthodox principles of economics and finance will be followed at no great distance by obvious disappointment.

This belief is not affected by the voting. If we are right, the future will prove us right. Unsound expedients will bring their own punishments in their train.

By their fruits . . .

THE fruits of a period of good government, if they are not blighted by folly, will manifest themselves certainly and in due course.

Holding these views, why should we bid for office desperately and beyond our means at the national auction?

We can afford to await the vindication of events in sober confidence. We could never have afforded to quit the firm high road. We shall be found marching along it in well-ordered ranks when the crowds who have been lured off upon adventurous excursions return weary, dishevelled and disillusioned, in hot anger at their false guides.

Politics is the art of looking forward. It is the future, not the past, which claims our attention.

The new House of Commons will meet in July. On opposite sides will be seated a Government in a minority and an Opposition in a majority.

The minority have to bear the nation's burden: little do they know, or seem to know, how heavy that burden will be.

The majority are divided unequally, but sharply, into two highly organised Parties. Between them grave and numerous differences exist and all the antagonisms of the late encounter.

More than that, the Conservatives accuse the Liberals of reckless partisanship, and the wanton squandering of power.

No common action is possible between them. On the contrary, a series of inevitable quarrels approaches. But both of these Parties are free and independent, and the high, enduring interests of Britain and her Empire make their appeal in different ways to both.

In the steadfast and skilful guardianship of these interests, albeit from different angles, each may make its own contribution to British progress and world peace.

Life or death

THE Liberal Party will be obliged to demand an amendment of the electoral law. Its life depends upon it. They are being devoured in gulps by the Socialists. Ever since 1923 two-thirds of the 150 Liberal seats have been swallowed up by the insatiable advance of Socialist Labour.

A reform of the electoral law such as will secure to the Liberal Party the power of independent survival must, whatever they may say, be their main preoccupation.

From a wider standpoint no one can pretend that the present system is satisfactory. With nearly half a million more votes the Conservatives have thirty fewer seats than the Socialists.

It is actually easier for Socialists representing change and overthrow in extreme forms to get into Parliament than for a representative of progressive Conservatism. Violence and venom are favoured; sober moderation is penalised.

It is five times as easy for a Socialist to get into the House of Commons as for a Liberal. Clearly here we have a problem full of perplexity, but, nevertheless, deserving earnest thought.

It is not a question to be settled by gangs of men struggling for office. It is one to be maturely considered by those who wish to see British institutions conform ever more closely to the highest standards of tolerance and fairplay.

But there is one Party in the State which cannot treat this question without prejudice. The Socialists are the pampered darlings of our present electoral system. They are at once the Party of appetite and privilege.

They cannot be expected, whatever gestures they may make, to surrender the enormous advantages they have recently exploited with so much success. Their position has its comical side. No one has more reason to fear reform than these apostles of change.

Such is the setting of the scene upon which the curtain is soon to rise. Actors and events will now march upon the stage—unforeseen, incalculable, compulsive. European debts and reparation, the United States and the British Navy, Moscow, Egypt, Ireland, and above all *India*, Coal and Unemployment glower upon the callow and boastful administrators. The new Parliament must be worthy of its exceptional responsibilities.

Have confidence!

BUT, above all, the Conservative Party must have confidence in its own massive strength. It has emerged from the electoral struggle intact and united, the largest and incomparably the most powerful body in the State.

It is strong enough to deal with political questions in a spirit of enlightened patriotism. It seeks no favours; it drives no bargains; it gives no undertakings.

It stands, the armed and vigilant sentinel, guarding the title-deeds of British freedom and the treasures of our Island Home.

Winston S. Churchill

(World copyright exclusive to "John Bull")

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

BYE, BYE, B.B.C.!

Gambling Parsons Rebuked—Publish the Real Figures
Lessons from Lincoln

VISCOUNT CRAIGAVON,
Prime Minister of Northern Ireland

SIR,—I admire your blunt candour. When a deputation of clergy called on you recently, with the request that the betting laws be enforced more strictly, you replied that if the law was to be enforced against the bookmaker it must also be enforced against the churches which organise guessing competitions.

Many clergy are not averse from raising funds by these innocent means, yet, with pious hypocrisy, they rail against bookmakers.

I gladly join forces with you in exposing blatant insincerity of this sort.

JOHN BULL.

Sir CHARLES WAKEFIELD, C.B.E.,
Hythe, Kent

DEAR SIR CHARLES,—Ten years ago the late Sir James Alcock and Sir Arthur Whitton Brown flew the Atlantic for the first time.

Yet the majority of people, especially Americans, almost imagine that Colonel Lindbergh was the first to perform this feat.

We Britishers are too modest, and it is high time that we told the world to whom the credit for this deathless adventure belongs.

I heartily applaud your suggestion that a memorial should be erected to these intrepid British aviators.

We shall all gladly loosen our purses for this purpose.

JOHN BULL.

The Ven. Archdeacon KEWLEY.
Andreas Rectory, Ramsey, Isle of Man

DEAR ARCHDEACON,—At a recent garden party you complained of the chilly atmosphere at the Bishop of Sodor and Man's palace. It appears that on one occasion you had to intersperse "copies of a well-known periodical" between the blankets in order to ward off the cold.

We have not lived in vain.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES CAMPBELL,
Fraserburgh

DEAR SIR,—You have saved five men from drowning during the past thirteen years, and members of the Clan Campbell are to present you with a sum of money and an illuminated address.

The money and the address will give you satisfaction, but I have not the slightest doubt that you will derive the greatest happiness from knowing that you have done the right thing. Shake hands!

JOHN BULL.

Dr. A. D. SYMONS,
Medical Officer of Health, Shrewsbury

DEAR DOCTOR,—When you told the members of the Education Committee that one in every ten of Shrewsbury's Council homes contained verminous children, I hope that they took it to heart and that suitable action will immediately result.

If there was any vermin in the homes belonging to members of the committee, I bet they would get a move on.

And if they don't look snappy, and make Shrewsbury a rotten place for bugs to breed in, I shall have to look into matters. Then the fur will fly.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. CHARLES HUTCHINSON,
St. John's Vicarage, Lambeth, S.E.

DEAR VICAR,—I hope that in future elections you will alter your policy.

I have just read a letter issued to your parishioners in which you implore them to vote Labour.

I don't care twopence which Party you support, but I am dead against clergy interfering in Party politics.

A famous Anglican theologian stated that "a clergyman's sole mission is the cure of souls." I hope you will take his advice to heart and in the future mind your own business.

JOHN BULL.

The Right Hon. J. H. THOMAS, M.P.,
House of Commons, S.W.

MY DEAR THOMAS,—It is needless for me to impress upon you how vast is the task set you by the Prime Minister, and how urgent the need that immediate steps be taken to solve the greatest of all problems—unemployment.

But there is one small thing I can ask you to do. For years men and women, as they have ceased to become eligible for State unemployment pay, have been shifted on to their local rates.

How many of these there are, together with those who never were eligible for unemployment insurance, has never been published.

Get the figures from the Ministry of Health, and publish them alongside those registered at the employment exchanges.

I want the whole truth. So far I have had only the half.

JOHN BULL.

Bailies COLE and BUCHANAN,
Motherwell and Paisley

DEAR BAILIES,—It is refreshing to find sensible magistrates like yourselves.

When cases of street betting have been brought before you, you have either admonished the culprits, or inflicted the minimum fine.

I quite agree with you that the "present betting law is a pure fiasco."

It is a ridiculous anomaly that the rich man should be able to bet in comfort in his club, while the poor man has to bet in a hole-and-corner fashion on the pavement.

A little Socialism "in our time" might be applied to the betting laws. I would write to Ramsay Mac about it if I were you.

JOHN BULL.

His Honour Judge CRAWFORD,
Edmonton County Court

YOUR HONOUR,—On discovering last week that a petty dispute over 10s. has cost the litigants £100, you banged your desk and said it was a scandal.

A scandal it is.

Our lawyers could learn from Abraham Lincoln. When an angry creditor pressed him, as an attorney, to take a debtor to court for a sum of $2, Lincoln asked for a $10 deposit to cover expenses.

This was readily paid. Lincoln gave $2 to the debtor privately—who sent it to the creditor—and pocketed $8. He deserved it.

JOHN BULL.

The EARL of CLARENDON,
Chairman B.B.C.

MY LORD,—It may have escaped your Olympian notice, but twelve of the B.B.C.'s most expert members have recently passed from Savoy Hill to other and more lucrative spheres of usefulness.

Some have just resigned and faded away to the "Talkie" industry. Others have left in a blaze of bad temper.

The whole story upsets me. Your corporation has a vast income. The nation depends on it for the best broadcasts that engineering and art can supply. Yet you calmly sit still while your ablest men desert you.

What is more disheartening, you are a law unto yourself. Not even Parliament can at present interfere with your incompetence.

But let me warn you. Parliament gave you your charter; Parliament can take it away. And unless you show signs of life, I shall urge it to do so.

JOHN BULL.

NOT from 2LO—The Bishop of London, in—

All GAS *and* GAITERS

GIVE us a Bishop who will "bish"
Upon a more inspiring plan,
Who's game to fight against the might,
Of all the profiteering clan;
Who, sick of saving high-class souls
And preaching to the Upper Ten,
Will beat the drum against the slum
And seek out Mammon in his den;
Who, when oppression rears its head,
Against its hosts will lead the van;
By such an one much might be done—
For him we wait—send us the Man!

The lines I have just recited, my dear brethren, are not, I hasten to say, my own composition. I received them a few days ago, together with a letter suggesting that I might find more useful employment than pointing out the dangers that lurk in night clubs and denouncing successful plays.

Doubtless the author of the poem—if so crude an effort can be called by such a name—meant well. But he suffers from a pitiful misconception of the functions of one who wears the gaiters of a blameless life.

I recently considered it my duty to denounce what I described as "the most immoral play ever produced in London," and this seems to have angered the writer of the letter. He states that he visited the play in question, which has been running for some months, and saw nothing in it to which to take exception.

And it pains me to say that he went so far as to add that even if the play was "a bit over the odds" (I quote his own vulgar expression), he does not know why I should be so concerned for what he calls "the fat, well-fed souls" who visit a theatre where there is neither a pit nor a gallery.

This misguided attitude is not uncommon nowadays. It is urged that those of us who are the appointed moral and spiritual guardians of the nation are wasting our time in searching books and plays for naughty words and Hyde Park for naughty deeds, instead of denouncing slum landlords and similar evils.

This, I can only repeat, is a vulgar misconception of the duties of a labourer in the Lord's vineyard, such as your humble servant, and crude rhymes and gibes will not prevent me pursuing the arduous way of duty.

And I can assure you, my dear brethren, that it really is an arduous way, whatever may be said to the contrary.

Some people think a Bishop's life
Is quite an easy one;
But, oh! my friends, they little know
The thousand-dozen things or so
Which simply must be done.

Plays by the score must be observed
In search of words uncouth,
And many movies must be seen,
Lest something shown upon the screen
Corrupts the mind of youth.

Nor can you guess how carefully
My agents have to hunt
Throughout the night clubs of the West
For evidence, with ceaseless zest,
To start some brand-new stunt.

Upon immoral books I must
An eagle optic fix,
Till verily I'm moved to sigh
At my tremendous task now I
Have lost the help of "Jix"!

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. HENRY FORD: "Booze and real industry do not go together."

All industry is real, Henry, and harm only comes from the abuse of drink. Tell Edsel to bear up if he finds that British workmen prefer beer to fruit flavours.

* * *

CANON J. O. HANNAY: "The clerical profession, as a profession, is ceasing to attract young men."

Then make it worth their while. Prelates living in palaces and parsons living in poverty has always seemed wrong to us.

* * *

MR. J. R. CLYNES: "There is no Liberalism of the old school."

But still a little of the new school, with which the Government must reckon.

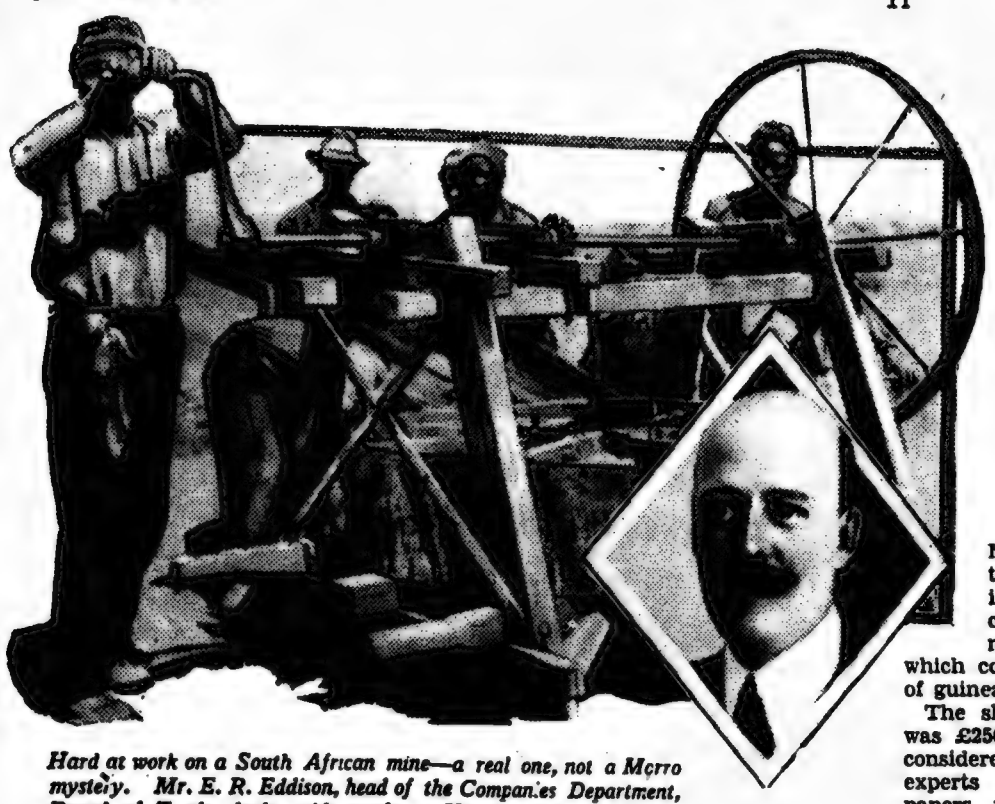
* * *

ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.: "Labour's plans of industrial reorganisation and development have caught the imagination of the people."

And there'll be all the bigger knock-out if they're not carried out.

BLOOM'S Klondyke Kid

Wastepaper Gold Shares Ramp



Hard at work on a South African mine—a real one, not a Morro mystery. Mr. E. R. Eddison, head of the Companies Department, Board of Trade, looks wide awake. He should look at New Morro Gold Mines

IF we believe the rosy prospects forecast in literature that is being broadcast to-day for the New Morro Gold Mines, Ltd., the wonders of Klondyke will be quickly eclipsed.

But we have no intention of believing them, and after we have made some disclosures regarding this attempt to push the sale of Morro shares, we do not think the public will be left in doubt either.

One of the champions of the New Morro Gold Mines, Ltd., is the *Stock Markets Review*, a sheet got up to resemble a genuine financial newspaper, but which we denounce as an organ devoted to boosting dubious shares.

Black reputation

As a matter of fact, this paper is owned by the First British Guaranty Trust, of Coleman Street, London, E.C., which has an unenviable reputation for unloading trashy stock upon unsophisticated investors.

Let us just consider some of the glowing remarks made in the *Stock Markets Review* concerning the New Morro Gold Mine, which, we are told, is situate at Barberton, in the Transvaal, and which is expected to produce tens of thousands of tons of ore in the near future.

The mine, apparently, is admirably situated, and can be cheaply worked because, as the river Komati runs through it, it is amply supplied with water for all its requirements.

And, if we believe the *Stock Markets Review*, the whole area is rich in gold and, once the New Morro gets going, it will make a gross profit of £8,500 a month.

Yet no really detailed report from a mining expert is available.

The Transvaal is a long way from England, and, apart from the fact that investors actually on the spot would surely jump at the project if it were at all promising, the truth is that the field of gold has yet to be proved.

Vague—and odd

Although the statements are optimistic, they are vague; and, odd as it seems, the estimate of the profitable gold production is boldly given before even the preliminary developments have been completed.

Probing the matter further, we encounter a number of curious facts. In the first place, the shares are being issued from a firm in St. Helen's Place, London, called W. Ladenberg and Company.

Closely associated with this latter firm is a man named Maurice Bart Bloom, whose career in the share-pushing arenas on both sides of the Atlantic will not bear scrutiny.

In the same office in St. Helen's Place is another concern called the Sanctuary Trust, with which Mr. Bloom is also associated.

It is, therefore, interesting to know that some time ago this latter firm entered into an agreement with the New Morro Gold Mines, Ltd., under which it obtained an option until October, 1930, on 250,000 of its 2s. shares at par, provided it found a similar number of subscribers by October, 1929.

In other words, if the shares are boomed by dummy papers like the *Stock Markets Review* and go up in value, the profit goes not to the gold mines company, but to the Sanctuary Trust.

Ladenberg and Company, Mr. Maurice Bart Bloom and the Sanctuary Trust were all involved in another impudent company flotation which was made a month or two ago, and which concerned the prospective sale of guinea gramophones.

The share capital of this venture was £250,000; but the promotion was considered so ridiculous by financial experts that several leading newspapers refused to handle the company's advertising matter, and the anticipated raid upon the pockets of the public, made by the Ladenberg Company, did not succeed as fully as the promoters hoped.

Behind-the-scenes Bloom

Mr. Maurice Bart Bloom was a prominent figure behind the scenes of this gramophone promotion, as a result of which thousands of pounds were to be paid to concerns he was interested in for "services rendered."

Another gentleman of Russian nationality, Philip Lannon—whom, in the name of Pincus Gershgorn, we pilloried repeatedly a year or so ago for his part in a series of disreputable company disasters—was closely concerned with Bloom in this scheme.

It is clear that Bloom planned to extract large sums of money from British investors by exploiting a gramophone which he knew (but concealed from the public) had been a financial disaster in America.

The name of Bloom has figured in several flotations made by the Ladenberg firm, and the public should carefully watch any offers of shares which emanate from the St. Helen's Place office, where Mr. Bloom is such a potentate.

Factor once again!

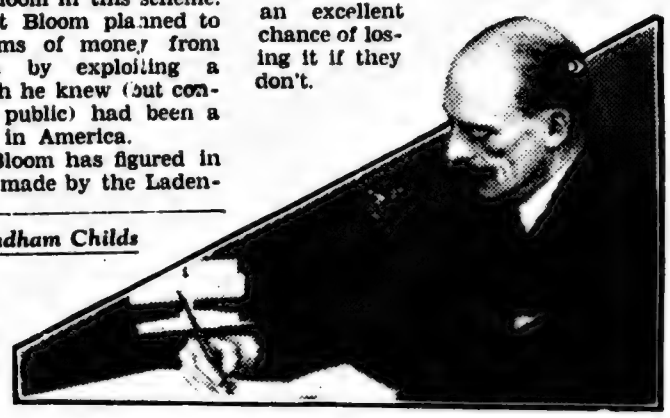
Originally, Bloom was working with Sidney Tanfield—an associate of the notorious Jacob Factor in the Cambrian Trust, through which thousands of pounds were lifted from the public, who only got worthless shares in return.

Mrs. Sarah Bloom, who is associated with Maurice in some of the matters dealt with here, was, it is interesting to note, also concerned with him and Tanfield in the Cambrian Trust venture.

Tanfield was also mixed up with the Porcupine Midfield Gold Mine flotation which, some years ago, was the subject of severe comment in these columns when its shares were being peddled.

In view of these facts and since the country during the past few days has been flooded with circulars urging people to take up shares in the latest Bloom-Ladenberg issue—New Morro Gold Mines, Ltd.—we advise readers to keep their money in their pockets.

They stand an excellent chance of losing it if they don't.



Weekly Informations— *—from Sir Wyndham Childs*

DECEPTION *taught through the post*

A PARTICULARLY cruel form of deception is practised by certain firms who, on payment of a fee for a booklet (usually 2s.), supply suggestions to the purchaser for preying on his fellow-men.

For example, MESSRS. A. L. DEAN, of Durham Road, Sheffield, in their booklet, price 2s., suggest that "As the winter months approach, that dread complaint rheumatism makes its presence more markedly felt by the thousands of its unfortunate victims. Consequently it is the harvest-time for the hundred-and-one preparations that are sold for its cure or relief."

* * *

Readers are encouraged to insert advertisements in newspapers offering "specialist's prescription" for 1s. 3d.

Messrs. Dean then go on naïvely to suggest that "This should pull the orders," and to people who answer the advertisement "send an *imitation* typed letter giving the formula and instructions."

Whilst I am at it I may as well give the formula: "In one pint of methylated spirit dissolve sixty grains of oleo-resin of capsicum and two ounces of camphor, then add one fluid drachm oil of lavender and one fluid drachm oil of rosemary."

I do not know who the specialist may have been who prescribed this, nor whether it is efficacious: but I think it would be better to go to a reputable chemist and ask for some liniment, which would cost no more than the "formula."

* * *

There is a vein of humour in some of the schemes for making money outlined in Messrs. Dean's booklet, which suggests, for example, that much money may be made by selling corn salve, and which puts forward an interesting and probably accurate theory in these words:

"In considering the sale of this article bear in mind that you are going to deal entirely with women, and that women suffer far more with corns and bunions than men. Then, again, women are honest, and you can generally rely upon them." (From which I gather that the firm of Messrs. A. L. Dean is entirely masculine.)

Another little piece of advice offered in the booklet, headed "Important," is worth quoting:

"When advertising and offering a free sample of any article, you must be very careful not to ask for stamps, or for a stamped addressed envelope; if you do you are selling and not giving it.

"You may overcome this difficulty by requesting the enclosure of an addressed envelope, when you will find 75 per cent. will affix a stamp for return; you are covered thereby from any liability.

"There are really very few advertisers aware of this, and this valuable information is alone worth pounds to you."

I trust that in future the value of the information to the advertiser will not be as great, and that readers will not waste a stamp or even an envelope.

* * *

Another firm practising similar deceptions is that of MESSRS. F. YOUNGSON, of Newbald, York.

Self-styled as "importers, publishers, manufacturers, printers and advertising agents," this latter company really supplies amateur home-workers with an appalling assortment of rubbish.

One of Youngson's winning lines is a 1s. 6d. booklet professing to reveal how the ambitious may soar "from kitchen table to mahogany desk," by making at home boot, stove, furniture, metal and other varieties of polish.

Alleged "secret formulas" also play a strong part in Youngson's fortune-making schemes, which, I fear, are calculated to benefit no one so much as this deceitful firm at York.

Be Suited & Satisfied with your NEW SUIT PAY for it as you WEAR it

Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all **52/6**

Also Plus Four Suits from 52/6, and Dinner Jacket Suits 56 6s. and upwards, all made to measure on similar easy terms. Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Write or call for patterns, Style Book and Self-Measurement Form to :— Established 1901.

J.B. THORNE & Co
36, Langham St., London, W.1.
NEW CITY BRANCH: Empire House (1st Floor), St. Martin's-le-Grand (opp. G.P.O.)

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

BUY BY POST AND SAVE MONEY
JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

I guarantee your satisfaction

HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED
Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

FREE ENLARGEMENTS

To every reader purchasing a RICH BROWN SEPIA Life-size Enlargement 20×16) reproduced from any photo, holiday snap or group, etc., we will send absolutely FREE a Beautiful Brunette Enlargement (size 12 x 10) from same photo only. Send P.O. and stamped addressed envelope for return of original photo.

JOHN BULL guarantees this offer, so write NOW.

ONLY **2/-** Post Free. Delivery 14 days.

Owing to great demand

REGENT SEPIA ART STUDIOS
32, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.
(Dept. J.B.4.)

ASTOUNDING BARGAIN

SPECIAL CLEARANCE OF FLOOR COVERING

72 SQ. FT. 15/-

SAMPLES FREE.

DAMP PROOF & ROT PROOF THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 72 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
86, Carter Street, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17.

PAROLEUM

Daintiear

from **1/6** a week

UNIQUE SALE!
During our Summer Sale we are offering a limited number of GENUINE DAINTICARS at about half the prices usually charged. From as illustrated **49/6**
Other models to suit all purses, for cash or from 6/- monthly.
Prompt delivery.
Carriage paid.

Don't buy any pram until you have seen our SALE CATALOGUE. Sent Post Free.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO.
(Dept. P. 177.11), Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1

CUT YOUR OWN HAIR

GREAT HALF PRICE OFFER
SAVES TIME AND MONEY. FOR LADIES AND GENTS.

Trims as it Combs.

1/- Post 2d.
Keeps Your Hair Short and Neat.
Simple Adjustable Blade. A Child can use it.

FREE A Waving Comb will be given free to all sending for above.

J. B. COLE, 24, Buckingham St., W.C.2.
(Trade enquiries invited)

Real MOROCCO BAGS YOURS for 6d.

The Beauty and value of this fashionable Deposit Real Morocco Leather Handbag must be seen to be fully appreciated, and we will send it direct to you under plain wrapper upon receipt of 6d. deposit only.

Remember its superior finish and superb leather. Fitted lovelled mirror, large inside snap pocket, white aid-lined cash snap pocket, and beautifully lined throughout. Highest materials on my used, guaranteed to give every satisfaction. Colours: Black, Navy, Blue or Brown. Send 6d. deposit, balance 12 satisfied 1/6 after receipt, and 1/6 weekly until only 21/- is paid. Special Cash Price 19/11, or within 7 days. Money refunded if dissatisfied and bag returned in 7 days.

JAMES MARTIN & SONS (Dept. 919), 82, St. Thomas's Street, London, S.E.1

£2 GRAMOPHONE ELECTRIC PICK UP FREE

To all who WRITE NOW for our BARGAIN LISTS and ORDER WITHIN 10 DAYS! The wonderful MIRACLE 2, 3 or 4-Valve Sets, all complete ready for listening-in, yours for 5/- down. Choice of Moving-Coil Loud Speaker. Astonishing results. LISTS FREE.

ONLY **5/-** DOWN

WRITE NOW.
WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, WALLINGTON, SURREY.

WONDERFUL 10/- OFFER.

Send 10/- and we will send you, POST FREE, One Pair GREY FLANNELS AND TENNIS SHIRT.

The Trousers are well made and generously cut in London from a reliable cloth which will give every satisfaction in wear. Sizes 40in. to 44in., waist 6d. extra. State inside leg and waist measurement. The TENNIS SHIRT is amply cut from a good cream TWILL WINCEYETTE. Ideal for Summer Wear. A really beautiful shirt. State size neckband.

Both Garments 10/- post free, or TROUSERS only, 5/6 } POST SHIRTS only, 4/6 } FREE

Cash with order, or if C.O.D. 6d. extra. Guaranteed satisfaction.

SQUARE TRADING Co. (Dept. J.B.), 3, Finsbury Square, LONDON, E.C.2

Let Wallingford's TAILOR YOU

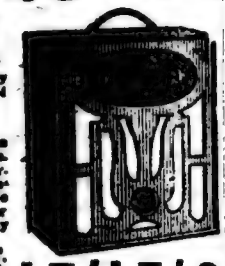
A Smart Summer Suit

Our expert craftsmen cut and build your suit with the greatest care and attention. The result is that you obtain a perfect fit and faultless finish. Make your selection NOW from our smart suitings in Tweeds, Worsteds and Saxonys, which are the finest values obtainable, and you simply pay in small monthly instalments. Send to-day for full range of five patterns in prices from 69/6 to 6 gns., all on Easy Terms. Use the self measurement chart or call at our Oxford Street Showrooms and be fitted by our experts. ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED.

Write now—Dept. A.

Wallingford's
(of Oxford Street)
71, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

FULLOTONE 5 VALVE PORTABLE



20/- DOWN
a 12 monthly payments of 20/-

Nothing else to buy.

This marvel gives wireless in every room and outdoors. With one turn of the dial anybody can get English and Continental stations strongly. No aerial, earth, mounting hooks or threatening. Solid mahogany or oak. Subject to

7 DAYS' HOME TEST.

We invite you for FREE Booklet.

FULLOTONE CRANOPHONES (1929), Ltd. (Dept. JBW3), 72, Camden Road, N.W.1.

15/15/0 CASH, CARRIAGE PAID.

CROYDON, TOTTENHAM, E. HAM, LIVERPOOL, MANCHESTER, BOLTON, HULL, AND GLASGOW.

WHIPCORD TROUSERS

To advertise our 20-page Catalogue of over 200 Government Bargains we are making a special offer to JOHN BULL readers of a pair of guaranteed whipcord trousers for the advertising price of **5/11**
Postage 9d.

Over 40 in. waist 1s. extra. These are of smart cut, Dark Grey in colour, turned up bottoms and hip pockets, and as TOUGH AS IRON IN WEAR, AND WE GUARANTEE TO REPLACE SHOULD THEY FAIL. Remember, cash refunded if not honestly worth double. Send to-day, stating waist measurement, and you will receive them per return, together with our catalogue of working men's many bargains.

NUTTALL, 1, Goodmayes, Ilford. E

THE ONLY ALL-STEEL MATTRESS SUPPORT

Straighten out that sag in your mattress: give it a spring tonic: revive its drooping spirits. Fit a NER-SAG and know the luxury of a perfect night's sleep.

The NER-SAG is as good as an expensive box spring, yet its cost is amazingly small, the prices ranging from 6/6.

7 days FREE TRIAL

You can try this all-steel mattress support free of charge for seven days. Just send a postcard stating the width of your mattress.

The NER-SAG is everlasting, and is guaranteed for ever against ordinary wear and tear.

TRY BEFORE YOU BUY

NER-SAG, Ltd., Dept. C, Oxford Circus, London, W.1

This offer applies only to England, Scotland and Wales.

Sheets

MILL CLEARANCE

Another 2,000 pairs at this price.

Heavy Super Unbleached Twill Sheets, in perfect condition, at a marvellous Bargain Price. Full bed size, 70 x 99ins. Exceptionally heavy (weigh 4 lb. per pair) direct from the looms. *Guaranteed free from filling.* Send now and save at least 5/-. Satisfaction guaranteed.

ALSO 54in. x 99 (weight 3½ lb. per pair) 29/- for 2 pairs.

2 prs. 14/6 Carr. Paid

WHITE COTTON BLANKETS, soft and woolly, 60 x 80, 2 pairs for 14/9; 70 x 90, 2 pairs for 19/3; 76 x 97, 2 pairs for 23/6. The finest quality obtainable at the above Bargain price.

HINDLES DEPT. J.B. TURNER ST. MANCHESTER

TRY THE WONDERFUL

LOUDSPEAKER SOUNDBOX

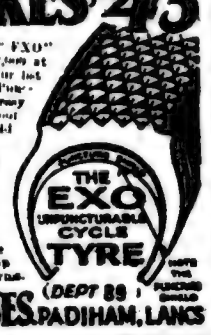
ON YOUR GRAMOPHONE

You can transform the cheapest, weakest instrument into a powerfully amplified and super-sweet-toned Grainophone, equal to the most expensive cabinet model. Amazing results. Send no money. Send postcard only. Pay after you receive soundbox 2/- weekly (11/- in all), or 20/- Cash Down. State whether sound-box fits in or slips over the tone-arm.

SEND NO MONEY

(F.) HAND & CO.,
26 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1

8/6 TYRES for 4/3



To get you to try our 8/6 "EXO" unpuncturable Tyre we offer them at exactly half-price. Priced in our list at 8/6, fitted with unique Puncture Shield. No more messy patching. Only puncture proof tyre whose puncture shield does not "slow" the speed.

GUARANTEED 2 YEARS

Price 4/3, postage 9d. extra. Two (free 9/- post paid. State size required. With every order we send FREE monster 156-page Catalogue, Cycles and Accessories. Catalogue only, sent free for 2d. stamp (half cost to us). Money back terms.

THE EXO UNPUNCTURABLE CYCLE TYRE

(DEPT 89) PUNCTURE SHIELD

T. SOORHOUSES, PADIHAM, LANCS

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute (Room B), 21, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

HUGE REDUCTION

SPECIAL 4 IN 1 BARGAIN. SOLID OAK

(1) RED CHAIRS, Polished dark or any shade. 3 Soft Velvet Cord Cushions, any colour. Leg extensions detachable and very useful, as shown in illustration (4). Make strong and secure one. Call and inspect or send for Catalogue J. Register or cross P.O.'s.

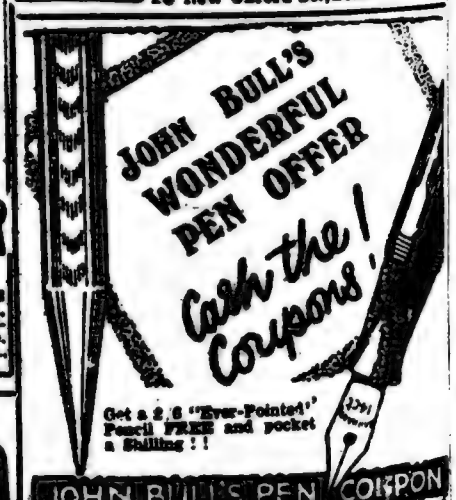
24/- Carr. Eng. & Wales 2/6

(2) (3) (4)

NORTH RUCKS TRADING CO., Dept. 28, Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circ., London, W.1.

JOHN BULL'S WONDERFUL PEN OFFER

Cash the Coupons!



Get a 2/6 "Ever-Pointed" Pencil FREE and pocket a Shilling!!

JOHN BULL'S PEN COUPON

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 3/6 Lever Filler Pen fitted with 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons, any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket (Zip 3d. extra. Name engraved in gold on pen 6d. extra. Cross cheque p.o. "A Co." Make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib.—JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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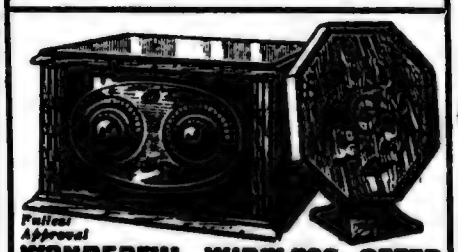

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MISSING—*for Twelve Years*

Tragic Mystery of a Wife and Daughter

A FEW days ago, in the grounds of a private school at Weston-super-Mare, a sorrow-stricken man and a twelve-year-old girl were locked in an affectionate embrace.

They had been introduced a moment before as father and daughter.

"Do you know where your mother is?" whispered the man.

"No," answered the child in a broken voice. "Do you, daddy?"

The father could only shake his head in mute distress.

This pathetic incident consummated a tragedy of British bureaucracy—a tragedy perpetrated by the most callous body ever vested with authority in this country.

We print its name in large letters—the BOARD OF LUNACY CONTROL.

Eleven years ago, Mr. A. J. Burt, a fruit-farmer, of Montpelier, Park Gate Village, near Southampton, last saw his wife and infant daughter.

Married a year

He had been married only a year, and Mrs. Burt was then convalescent after a fever which followed the birth of her child.

Mrs. Burt is now, and apparently has been for some years, detained in a lunatic asylum "somewhere in England." This is a phrase actually used by the Board of Control in one of a series of amazing letters sent by it to her husband.

But where she is or what is the nature of her mental disease, if any, it refuses to reveal.

The Board of Control not only concealed from Mr. Burt for all these years the fact that his wife was in its secret custody, but when he discovered the truth and asked for information about her and his daughter's whereabouts, it declined to disclose anything concerning mother or child.

It was only recently, after he had got in touch with a member of his wife's family, that Mr. Burt located his daughter, Githa, whom he had last seen when she was a baby. In consequence, he met her at the boarding-school in Somerset to which she had been sent.

Even now that he has found her, the father is denied the slightest control of his daughter's affairs or future.

It seems that, while the Board of Control kept him in ignorance of the fact that his wife was a prisoner in one of its institutions, a Receiver was appointed of his wife's considerable private estate.

Sir Leolin Forster-Walker, a Board of Control Commissioner

Githa Burt has not seen her mother for years. She is kept from her father. That's how this Board makes a kiddie's life happy

An explanation must by some means be obtained from the Board of Control, not only of its deliberate failure to let Mr. Burt know that his wife was in its charge as a certified lunatic, and of its persistent refusal to disclose where she is, but also why he was not consulted when the receivership was made on her behalf.

He knows

The Receiver knows where Mrs. Burt is detained, but he, no doubt, is acting upon advice.

When Mr. Burt had repeatedly failed to extract anything but defiance and brusqueness from the Board of Control, he appealed to him for news of his wife, and mentioned that he contemplated referring the whole matter to a Member of Parliament.

No more definite information is forthcoming from the Receiver, however, than that Mrs. Burt is in an institution "up North."

Mr. Burt certainly does not deserve such treatment as this. He is a man of high character, for many years a Church worker and Sunday-school teacher, who is greatly respected in the Hampshire village where he lives.

All is mystery regarding Mrs. Burt's movements for at least seven years after the baby was born.

It seems that she became mentally afflicted while recuperating in the country, and, taking the child with her, disappeared completely from the ken of her husband and friends.

The police searched everywhere for her, but she could not be found.

By sheer accident her husband discovered about a year ago that she had been sent to an asylum.

At first the Board of Control would not even admit this fact to him, and, later, in its letters of refusal to state where and why she is confined, it also declared that it knows nothing about the daughter.

This is incomprehensible, because, according to the Receiver, the Master in Lunacy made an order when Mrs. Burt was certified arranging for the child's education, and providing her with an annual allowance of £120 from her mother's estate.

Parody of justice

It is a parody of justice that a husband should have no civil rights other than those the Board of Control chooses to grant him.

In certain circumstances, twelve-year-old Githa Burt may one day command a handsome fortune. She is a descendant of rich and famous families.

Among her ancestors are Thomas Lewin, of the East India Company, whose association with the Princess Talleyrand became historic, and George Grote, the historian of Greece, banker, and founder of London University, who is buried in Westminster Abbey.

Yet the Board of Control denies the father of this child access to her and to his wife. Is it to be wondered that we utterly condemn a system which revels in such pitiless evasion and secrecy?

WIDOW WINS *our* £500 CROSSWORD

"Now we can paint the shop!" she says

"Too excited for conversation"

A SHOPKEEPER at Woking has just made the biggest turnover in her life; she has won a JOHN BULL £500 Crossword cheque—the prize for competition No. 13. The fortunate woman is Mrs. F. M. G. Sallabank, who owns a popular tobacconist's business at 69, Chertsey Road.

Her entry contained only one mistake.

When a JOHN BULL representative interviewed her over the counter, Mrs. Sallabank was at first too excited for conversation.

"What's this, mother?" asked her daughter, who had followed her into the shop.

"I've won the JOHN BULL crossword, my dear, and now we can have our shop painted!" was the breathless reply.

Mrs. Sallabank is extremely proud of her shop, and well she may be. Through twenty-two years of widowhood it has enabled her to live and bring up her family.

"For some weeks now I have said that, should I be fortunate enough to win a competition, I would have my whole place redecorated," she explained. "I will be true to my promise. The home and business must benefit from this money.

• • •

"I have been competing in JOHN BULL crosswords for only a few weeks, and this is the first prize I have ever won.

"Crosswords are my chief hobby, and I must say I find your competitions the best. The great feature about them is the proper system of judging through which every coupon has to pass.

"This does away with the need to send in claims, which I am sure causes many people, through modesty and forgetfulness, to lose chances of winning valuable prizes."

• • •

"Mother takes her crosswords very seriously," said Miss Sallabank. "She spends most of her week-ends working them out, and she solves every word entirely by herself."

"My advice to other competitors can be summed up in two words—method and perseverance," continued the winner.

"I always start my competitions in the top left-hand corner, and do my utmost to work them straight through. It is no use dropping words in here and there in a haphazard manner. That only leads to confusion."

A £500 prize is waiting to be won again this week. Fill up the coupon on page 40 and get this big turnover for yourself.

"Old-Established"

in fee-snatching

G. NELSON and CO., of 484, Fulham Road, London, S.W., boasts that it has been established since 1838, and that it is about to appoint representatives in various parts of the provinces.

The company offers rates of pay ranging from 2s. 3d. to 12s. an hour for work which has "none of that dreary grind which most work has."

In the initial letter it is explained that applicants will have to be specially trained, and that the cost of such training amounts to 39s. 6d.

The suggestion is held out that a written guarantee will be furnished for applicants' protection, while an offer of permanent work will be made when the training is completed.

We do not know how many people have applied to this firm, but readers in Wiltshire and Devon have written for advice on the subject.

This is easily given.

G. Nelson and Co. should be avoided for many reasons. In the first place, far from being established in 1838, it is not registered as a business name at Somerset House, and the address which it displays on its notepaper is really that of a newsagent, who states emphatically that G. Nelson and Co. has only used his premises as an accommodation address.

• • •

Another interesting point is that, shortly before G. Nelson and Co. started using this accommodation address, a firm known as "H. King and Co." was operating on practically the same lines from another accommodation address in Fulham Road.

There is no doubt that the business of G. Nelson and Co. consists of nothing more than fee-snatching on a pretentious scale.

Don't buy any cycle until you have seen this fine HERCULES 'POPULAR' MODEL at your Dealer's

The cash price is **£3 : 19 : 9** *—or, if you don't want to pay cash, get it on*

EASY PAYMENTS from 3d per day or 2/- per week

(Prices apply to England and Wales only.)

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Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d and 2s 6d.
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the only Milk Chocolate made with Ambrosia Devonshire full cream Milk. Real Chocolate flavour retained in all its charm. Mellow; smooth; does not create thirst. Full of nourishment. Four Kinds: Plain Milk, or with Toasted Almonds, or Nut Brazil, or Almonds and Raisins

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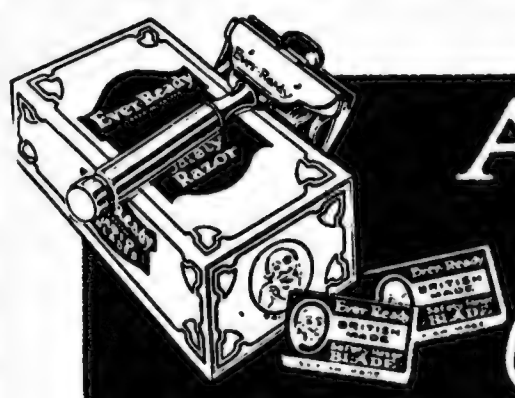

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Buy ONE of the three — and the razor is free!.

See this announcement in colour in your Dealer's window—he can supply you

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He GAMBLED —They STARVED

Famous Manager's Pawnshop Tour

IN the town of Warrington to-day there is a theatrical manager, Mr. Harry Warburton, who achieved professional fame and some wealth by his production of the "Dracula" play in the West End of London.

For two years it nightly earned the maximum revenue of three of the principal theatres in London, and was acclaimed to be the best-priced stage-winner since the war.

Warburton retired with the winnings to Warrington, where he is now honorary secretary of the local Liberal Association.

Dreams of another gamble with "Dracula" came to him there. He decided to send out a touring company.

Six weeks ago the company, in consequence of Warburton's refusal to pay out, was stranded in Barnsley. It was due to move to Weymouth, and was able to travel only because a last-minute arrangement was made with the manager of the Pavilion Theatre there, to guarantee the railway company the cost of fares and the transport of the scenery.

At Weymouth the state of the actors and actresses became pitiable. Only a meagre share of their salaries was paid, and landladies' bills could not be met.

Warburton had been informed of their plight, but he disregarded the bunch of frantic telegrams sent to him.

Worse was to come, however. The company should have gone to Aldershot, but the manager of the theatre for which it had been booked rightly cancelled the engagement because Warburton had failed to forward the necessary printed matter for the publicity of the play.

So for another week the artistes stayed on, practically starving, in Weymouth.

Warburton lounged in the Liberal Club at Warrington indifferent to their distress, and ignoring their appeals for the money owing for wages and travelling expenses.

Women members of the company had to pawn their rings and trinkets, and the men sold their belongings to obtain funds.

The company then proceeded to Longton in Staffordshire, again suffering the indignity of having to apply to the theatre manager at the other end to guarantee its fares—with the scenery and baggage as surety.

Pawned jewellery

Night after night the players took the stage at Longton, not knowing whether their lodgings would still be open to them at the end of the performance.

Every article of jewellery the women had possessed was now in pawn, and the men had parted with all their belongings that could be pledged. Landladies refused to continue free hospitality, and a hotel manager asked the leading man of the company to leave the establishment.

The manager of the company, his patience exhausted by suffering and his temper frayed by Warburton's unconcern, had a squabble with a representative of the theatre at Longton and a police-court prosecution for assault followed. He resigned.

Warburton himself continued to occupy the deepest armchair at his Warrington club. Two members of the company raised sufficient money from friends to travel thither and to confront him.

Warburton assured them that if they would only go on to Port Talbot for the folowing week they would be paid in full.

It was a worthless promise, and another week of humiliation had to be endured in the Welsh town.

Then a bombshell was dropped amongst the artistes on Saturday night.

They were told that the scenery had been sold for a repertory run by another company at the Lyceum Theatre, Taunton, and that no provision had been made for their salaries, debts or railway fares to London.

In such straits were the company that it decided to enter the Port Talbot workhouse.

They look very gay—but stage smiles often hide broken hearts. They did in Warburton's company

Sir Gerald Du Maurier, a most active Vice-President of the Stage Guild, should move in this matter

At the last moment, however, means were found by which it could travel with the scenery-truck as far as Bristol, and, by telegraphing to relatives from there, obtained sufficient cash to reach London.

The transfer of the scenery to Taunton had an interesting sequel. After a brief experience there of short salaries and short rations, the new company cancelled its contracts and dispersed.

Royalties unpaid

Incidentally, Warburton has not paid the royalties on *Dracula* for nearly six months.

This account of £400 is owing to the widow of Mr. Bram Stoker, the author of the book.

Warburton has had the reputation of a man of substance, and this alone was the reason why the artistes maintained faith in him to the last.

Once more we emphasise the need for legislation requiring every manager who sends out theatrical companies to deposit a bond sufficient to meet at least two weeks' salaries and expenses.

Chuckles from the SPIDER'S PARLOUR

IN July, 1927, a new Moneylenders Act was passed by Parliament, some of the previously existing measures being repealed.

This Bill, which was drafted to end once and for all the ruinous activities of unprincipled Shylocks, was sponsored by Lord Darling and backed by an impressive array of legal and Parliamentary talent.

The two chief provisions of the new Act stipulated, first, that every moneylender must take out an annual excise licence after a certificate allowing him to carry on business had been granted by a police magistrate.

Secondly, that a limit of 48 per cent. per annum was set to the rate of interest chargeable on any loan, and the borrower was to receive copies of the contract at the time of the transaction.

The new Act came into effect at midnight, December 31, 1927, and January 1, 1928, should have been a "hopeless dawn" for Shylock.

• • •

Was it? So far from driving the extortionate-interest shark out of business, he seems to be flourishing more luxuriantly than ever, and the new Bill actually provides him with a cover for his transactions.

Under the old Act a register of moneylenders, open to public inspection, was kept at Somerset House.

Lord Darling, principal mover in the new Moneylenders Act. Does he realise what a mess this Act has made of things?

This was a protection to the public, because if a borrower got into the clutches of a moneylender he could always consult the Somerset House file to ascertain whether the moneylender was registered or not.

If he was not, the hard-pressed victim could afford to ignore the last turn of the screw, confident that the unregistered lender would never face the court.

But under the present Act these files are kept at the London Customs House. They are not open to public inspection.

To all enquiries whether any particular lender is upon their files the authorities reply that they cannot divulge any information.

Before the new Act there were as many unregistered as registered lenders. There is no reason to doubt that the same conditions obtain to-day.

In fact, there are now possibly more unlicensed moneylenders under various guises than before, since few of these rapacious gentry would be satisfied with a paltry 48 per cent. interest.

The effect of the new legislation has been to drive them underground. The methods they adopt to evade the new obligations of the law and yet continue their activities are varied and numerous.

One method practised is to register a small trading company at Somerset House.

• • •

These disguised moneylenders specialise in catering for the car-owner who is pressed for ready money, and they attract such victims into their net by various highly ingenious methods.

The borrower, for example, "sells" his car to Shylock for (say) £50 and agrees to "buy" it back from Shylock's motor-car company for £100 within a stated time. If his payments fall in arrears the moneylender keeps the car and any money which has already been paid.

The moneylender is, of course, not licensed. His books are not open to Excise inspection. So the record of the transaction can be arranged according to the gullibility of the victim, and the interest is at his own sweet will.

• • •

Another method, if the borrower can put up an alternative security, is known as "tapping" a bill.

In this case, if the sum needed is (say) £60, the victim signs a bill at a month for £100.

The moneylender then makes out his own cheque to the borrower for £100, who endorses it. The cheque is sent across to the bank and cashed; and the client is paid his £60 in notes across the table.

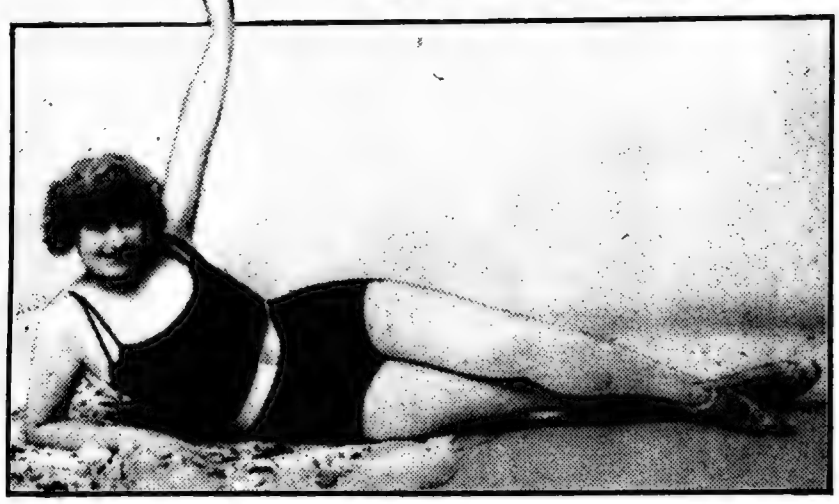
As bill and cheque are for the same amounts, the transaction bears no interest and does not rank as moneylending. The law is evaded and there is neither licence nor supervision.

• • •

We have clear evidence that the present working of the Act is open to grave abuse, and many unsuspecting people have suffered extreme hardship from its insufficiency.

It should at once be amended to make licensed lists public. The unlicensed moneylender would then be forced to toe the line along with his more reputable brethren, or else to go out of business altogether.

VITALITY RESTORED



"ALWAYS LOOKS FRESH AND ENERGETIC."

Miss Ethel Oliver, the musical comedy actress, who appeared in "The Lady of the Rose" at Dalys Theatre, W., writes:—

"SOME time or another, most of us wish we had taken good advice, and I am glad for once in a way that I *did* take the valued advice of a friend who recommended Phosferine. I feel sure that if I had not done so, I could not have borne the nerve strain of playing a strenuous part in the "White Camellia"—in which I had the laughing duet—and simultaneously rehearsing for "The Lady of the Rose." At first I was not disposed to try Phosferine, but I finally decided to do so, and since then I feel positive that my vitality has been fully restored by this wonderful tonic. Naturally, I have the greatest faith in Phosferine as now I am able to act and rehearse, and take long journeys without being in any way worn out or tired. So, as I get the right amount of sleep, I always look fresh and feel energetic. Like most women who earn their own living, I understand the 'panicky' feeling of nervous anxiety when not at one's best, so I can sincerely advise Phosferine as the most effective specific for pulling one's nerves together."

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THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
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From Chemists. Tablets and Liquid.

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Keeping teeth clean with Gibbs Dentifrice is the merriest game of all. And what lasting good it does.

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Large size, 1/-
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GRAVES 'TRIUMPH' BARGAIN BALE

is the most amazing Quality and Value Offer ever put before the readers of this journal.

It includes the following superb quality goods:

One Pair WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS with Blue Borders. Warranted to wear and wash well. Whipped edges. Size 66 x 88ins. Weight 7lbs pair.

One Pair ALL WHITE FLEECY BLANKETS of excellent make and finish. Extremely durable. Whipped edges. Size 66 x 80ins. Weight 4lbs pair.

One Pair GREY BOLTON TWILL SHEETS of guaranteed quality. Hemmed and finished ready for use. Size 70 x 90ins. Weight 6lbs pair.

A COLOURED ALHAMBRA QUILT of tasteful design, finished and hemmed ready for use. Size: 75 x 94ins.

A BLEACHED DAMASK TABLE CLOTH in a very handsome dice design, beautifully finished. Size 54ins square.

Two pure WHITE PILLOW CASES with flap and buttoned ends. Size 22 x 30ins.

A pure WHITE BOLSTER CASE to match. Size 20 x 60ins.

VERY IMPORTANT *By way of extra benefit, and to demonstrate that reliable Sheffield Cutlery is still the finest product of its kind in the World, we are including in the Graves' TRIUMPH' Bargain Bale a 16-Piece Sheffield Cutlery and Plate Service for the use of four persons.*

The 16-PIECE SERVICE comprises 4 Knives of Stainless Sheffield Steel with keen edged blades and beautiful ivory-grained handles; 4 Dessert Size Forks, 4 Dessert Size Spoons, and 4 Tea Spoons of 'Columbian' Silver, an amalgam of metals which resists acid stains and wears perfectly white and silver-like all through.

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Our New RULERS

Mr. MacDonald with twelve of his Good Men and True

by A. G. GARDINER

THE new Government is in office and, whatever our private political predilections, we can, in the common interests of the country, wish it God-speed. We can all agree also, I think, that Mr. MacDonald has done his job well. The formation of a Cabinet is always a difficult task.

It may be said at once that Mr. MacDonald has been wise and courageous. He has been wise in his reading of the meaning of the election. That event was not so much a verdict for him as a verdict against the late Government.

Mr. MacDonald realised the significance of this fact, and has formed a Ministry which, in its moderation, reflects the mind of the country and gives it the assurance that stable government and not political fireworks will be its aim.

Not a firebrand

In making this choice, he is, of course, following his own bent as well as the wish of the country. Mr. MacDonald is no firebrand.

It is the highest tribute to the sound instincts of British Labour that, having at last come to its full political stature, it should have chosen as its undisputed leader a man who, both in character and gifts, is in the best tradition of British statesmanship.

His vision of the future is clear and instructed, and in those world affairs especially which are pre-eminent at the present time I look to him to exercise a wise and pacifying leadership.

His defect is a certain lack of worldly wisdom, a tendency to allow personal feeling to play havoc with great affairs, a disposition to regard opposition to him as an offence against the Holy Ghost.

But if he can check this vice, I see no reason why he should not during the next two or three years do memorable service to the cause of world reconciliation.

His chief lieutenants are a phalanx of men whose names inspire confidence, if not always enthusiasm. This is especially so in the case of Mr. Philip Snowden.

I have known him since his first appearance in the political arena thirty years ago, and have never doubted his capacity, his intense sincerity or his predestined future.

Unshakable

He has mellowed a good deal since those early days, as a man ought to mellow, though his tongue can still be acid and withering; but he has never deserted an opinion that he honestly held, and there is no price of office or reward that could buy him.

He has already shown his gifts as a Chancier at the Treasury, where his reputation stands as high as that of any Chancellor of the Exchequer of our time.

He is as severe an economist as Gladstone himself, and at a time when the public expenditure has got out of hand, his restraining influence should be invaluable.

It is not the least of his virtues that he is the sworn foe of those Protectionist devices which if pursued would sap the foundations of British trade.

Clearing the air

His candour and acerbity of speech is sometimes a little ungovernable, as in the case of his outburst against the "bilking" propensities of our neighbours, but his plain words have a trick of clearing the air—as they certainly did in the case I have mentioned.

In one sense, the surprise of the new Ministry is the Foreign Secretary. This is the most crucial office in the Government, and never more crucial than in the present state of the world.

In his previous Government, Mr. MacDonald was his own Foreign Minister, and his success was indisputable.

But he very nearly collapsed under the double task, and he was well advised not to attempt the feat a second time.

It may at the first blush seem a daring adventure to bring in Mr. Henderson, whose experience has been very remote from foreign affairs, to this great office.

But those who know "Uncle Arthur" best are least surprised and least disquieted by the choice. He has a clear head, good judgment, and a gift for keeping his mouth shut as well as a formidable way of opening it when his mind is made up.

And I have no doubt that in the more critical decisions he will have to make, he will have the advantage of the closest intercourse with Mr. MacDonald himself, with whom his relations have always been most cordial, and who is too deeply preoccupied with world problems not to be near the tiller when the seas are rough and the navigation difficult.

It was understood that Mr. J. H. Thomas had designs on the Foreign Secretaryship, but as Lord Privy Seal, charged with the solution of the unemployed problem, he will have a task as important as that of any Minister, and one perfectly suited to his experience and his gifts.

He has one of the most fertile and original minds in the Labour Party, and in spite of his lapses of speech, he is one of the astutest Parliamentarians living. I look to him to be one of the conspicuous successes of the Ministry.

Mr. Clynes' appointment to the Home Office is excellent. There is a certain refinement of mind and feeling about Mr. Clynes which has always made him a distinguished Member of the House, and his wide experience of the industrial world should prove an invaluable equipment for the task that confronts him.

I have spoken of Mr. MacDonald's choice of his colleagues as being courageous as well as wise. He has not only left his extremists out in the cold, thus challenging their bitter hostility; but he has dared to go outside his Party in order to fill offices that could not be adequately filled from within.

A great stroke

That is the case in regard to the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-General. Mr. Jowitt's acceptance of the Attorney-Generalship is a shock to the Liberals, but it is a great stroke for the new Government.

It shows that Mr. MacDonald is not only fearless, but can learn by experience, for his last Government largely fell owing to its weakness in its legal equipment.

Mr. Sidney Webb, as Dominions Secretary, is one of the soundest of Mr. MacDonald's appointments. It has become an amiable fashion to poke mild fun at this very statistical pillar of Fabianism, but Mr. Webb is one of the most able minds in politics to-day.

He is not without experience of his department, for his early training was in the Civil Service, where he spent some useful years at the Colonial Office.

Labour's representation in the Upper Chamber is admirably reinforced by his elevation to the peerage. We can be sure that he will maintain his position with all the dignity that his high Imperial office demands.

Miss Bondfield's appointment to the Ministry of Labour is a matter for congratulation. The presence of at least one woman in the Cabinet is now expected of any Prime Minister, and there is none with a better record of public service in the Labour Party to-day.

Miss Bondfield is a remarkable little lady, and her election wireless speech was one of the best of all, and worth many thousands of votes to her Party. Her genius is not notably administrative, but with Mr. Thomas as the vital factor in the big offensive against unemployment, there need be no fear of weakness in that direction.

It's good

I should like to say more about the *personnel* of the new Ministry—notably about those former Liberal friends of mine, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Noel Buxton, and Wedgwood Benn—but space forbids.

But I think I have said enough to show that Mr. MacDonald has done a sound piece of Cabinet-making which, with reasonable fortune, should serve the country well.

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English and U.S. athletes parade before a match at Stamford Bridge. More playing-fields would mean the discovery of more world-beaters for Britain

DARE LABOUR *Spoil Sport?*

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

DESPITE the fact that 1924 did not usher in a period of bloody revolution, there is again a little mild fluttering in the dovecotes at the advent of another Labour Government.

"I shall convert everything I possess into cash and go and live in Belgium," said one of these "doves" to me.

"Where," I replied, "you will find yourself living under a Socialist Government."

I left him thinking it over.

There are a number of people in the sporting world who seem to be of a similar frame of mind. They don't quite know what it is that is going to happen to them, but they are quite sure something is.

This, perhaps, is understandable. I admit it is a little difficult to imagine Mr. Maxton at Wembley putting his shilling on his favourite greyhound, and it is not easy to visualise the granite-faced Tom Johnston leaning over the rails at Ascot cheering home the favourite.

THEY have a habit of taking things so very seriously, and of giving the impression that sport and enjoyment are nothing but hindrances to "Socialism in our time."

Yet, despite this terrible air of earnestness, I cannot see a Labour Government doing anything to injure sport.

If Mr. Jack Jones, in common with most of the inhabitants of Silvertown, didn't have a bit on the Derby, I'm a Dutchman. And "Jimmy" Thomas, I'll bet, will be seen as usual, complete with grey hat, at Ascot.

And I could name more than one member of the Labour Party who can tell you a lot about how difficult it is to break the bank at Monte Carlo.

And was it not Mr. Hayday, the victor of Nottingham, who once walked through Nottingham market with a pile of baskets on his head for a wager?

Those who are wondering how sport will fare under a Labour Government should remember that behind almost every member stand thousands of followers who go regularly to "t' match" every Saturday afternoon as to a religous ceremony, and to whom the chances and form of the favourite are "as an open book."

Things are better than they were, but Labour Members were young once and their memories are usually long.

No, I don't see a Labour Government attempting to penalise sport. Even the most serious-minded politician keeps his ear to the ground and his eye on the crowd.

Mr. Snowden's previous nine months at the Treasury are worth remembering. In his 1924 Budget he knocked £6,000,000 off the entertainment-tax, hinting that it was only a first instalment and that he would like completely to abolish the tax on all cheaper tickets.

Since he now has an opportunity of revising Mr. Churchill's Budget, it is quite possible he may do so, and confer considerable benefit on racecourses, greyhound-racing tracks, speedways, theatres, kinemas, boxing-matches, football and cricket clubs.

Eighteen months ago I had dinner at the House of Commons with Mr. Snowden, and asked him what the attitude of the Labour Party would be to the tax if it was successful at a General Election.

"We should repeal it," he said, "at once."

He has been forestalled by Mr. Churchill. But the Labour Party will certainly not reimpose any such ill-conceived measure.

IT is more than possible that Labour may go the whole hog and take away even the telephone tax on bookmakers which the last Government imposed.

If Mr. Snowden does not take the telephone tax out of the present Budget it will not be through any lack of desire. It will be because the national finances are in such a mess that no Chancellor can lightheartedly scrap any revenue.

I admit that some time ago Mr. Snowden, *apropos* of the French debt, made a statement that neither he nor his Government would feel bound to continue legislation they disapproved, and alarmists are now prophesying the abolition of the "Tote."

I doubt that, too. Of course the "Tote" Bill could be repealed—but why should it be repealed?

FOR one thing, it will not be long before "Totes" are in operation on large numbers of racecourses, and while it is one thing to oppose a theory, it is quite another to upset material facts.

In any case, it is not quite pure guesswork when I predict that the "Tote" will be allowed to make its experiments undisturbed.

Taking a broader view still, a Labour Government will certainly keep an eagle eye on the nation's health—and how can any nation be healthy unless its opportunities for sport and exercise are continually expanded?

The provision of more and more National Playing-Fields is being recognised among all Parties as a matter of serious national concern.

Sir Charles Trevelyan, who sees more in education than the mere cramming of facts into children, will give this particular attention.

The way he pegged away at his Access to Mountains Bill shows what he thinks of the value of the open air.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald does not like hints, but let me give him one.

He might do worse than consider establishing a Ministry of Sport to keep its eye on the development of our national pastimes.

It is not a very fantastic idea. France has done it. Why can't we?

PHYSICAL efficiency can be gained on the playing-fields just as well, if not better, than on the barrack-square. Since the war Germany has realised that, and spares no effort to make it easy for her citizens to go "all out" at the business of playing.

Lord Birkenhead, who in 1926 was on the committee of the Olympic Games, gave it as his opinion that sport, with its friendly rivalries and endless opportunities for "mixing," could kill war quicker than all the treaties and pacts statesmen could devise.

I hope the Labour Government will take its opportunity. There is plenty to do.

All over the country there are parks to be developed, playing-fields to be provided, free golf-courses to be laid out, encouragement and assistance to be given to all kinds of increased facilities for sport.

We taught the world to play games, and we must see that there is no lack of masters.

A thorough-going scheme for the taxation of land values, to which both Mr. Snowden and Mr. Lloyd George are pledged, would release all the acres necessary for national playing-fields without hurting anybody.

Did not the victor of Nottingham walk decl e l out with many baskets?

The sport-loving propensities of the British people are worth all the attention politicians can give; for if we hadn't learned long ago to take it out of a cricket-ball or a football there would on many occasions have been decorations added to the lamp-posts in Whitehall that would have done the rope-making industry quite a lot of good.

The Human Machine

ALL CONTRARIWISE

THERE are a lot of people like the Irishman who landed at New York and asked: "Have yez a government here?"

"Yes," he was told.

"Then I'm agin' it," he replied.

Sheer contrariness seems to be constitutional to some folk. If you say "Yes," they promptly say "No."

If you try to please them by agreeing that the answer probably is "No" after all, they immediately find some reason why it should be "Yes!"

They are "agin' everything" on principle. Their chief, if not their only, function in life is to oppose. They have their uses. They often stir things up a bit. They supply a bit of ginger to stale ideas.

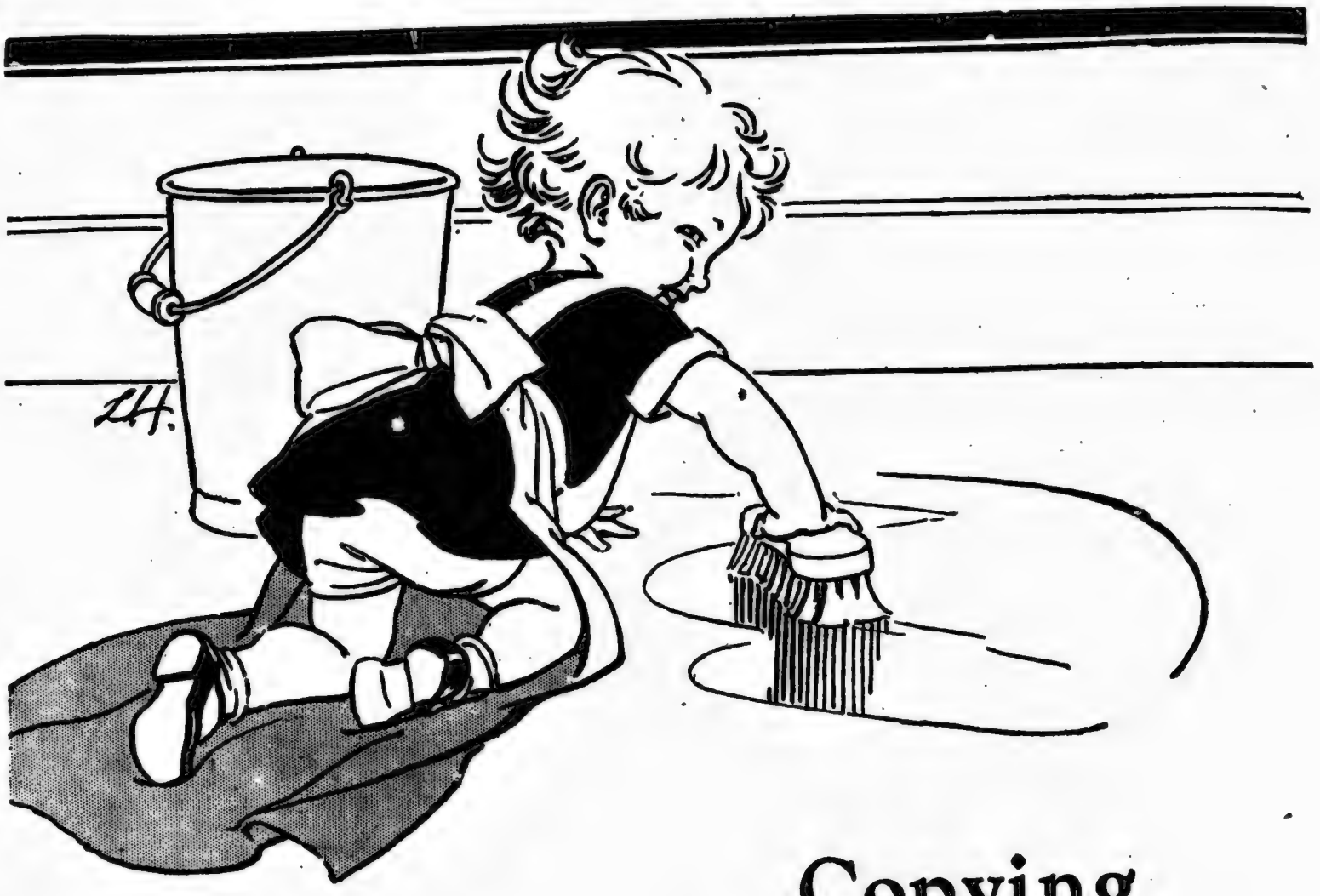
But since their opposition is based on contrariness and not on reason they don't do much permanent good.

It doesn't really help anybody to go about smashing cherished idols for the sheer fun of destruction. You can do a lot of harm by ruthlessly destroying people's beliefs.

Dispute and disagreement are essential for both individuals and peoples. They let fresh air into stuffy corners and prevent useful ideas becoming moth-eaten traditions. But they should never be acrimonious and bitter.

The obstinately contrary person is usually at bottom a conceited person. He knows everything, and is unwilling to learn.

And he needn't be surprised, seeing that he is "agin everything," if everything and everybody are "agin" him.



Copying Mummy

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THE SEALS OF OFFICE

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There is obviously a lot of common ground on which to build new proposals. Mr. Snowden has repeatedly expressed his determination to repeal the Safeguarding duties. Mr. Lloyd George, despite the fact that they can be originally laid to his door, is of the same mind.

Are they to go—or to remain? We think, in view of the importance of this decision to business, it ought to be made and announced without delay.

It would be an unprecedented action—but these are unprecedented times. The country is entitled to know.

We see no reason, either, why some fairly comprehensive scheme for the taxation of land values should not find an immediate place in the Finance Bill.

There has been enough talk about it to warrant the assumption that the Labour Party and the Liberal Party both have cut-and-dried plans ready to put into operation.

IF they have, there is no time like the present. If they have not, so much the worse for the reputation of politicians.

None of the urgent problems that await solution can be met without the expenditure of vast amounts of money. There is no easier nor juster way of raising that money than by diverting to the Exchequer the colossal sums that have accrued to the value of land by public effort and enterprise.

Whatever Mr. Snowden does, this is certainly one thing he ought to do.

There is also a matter which ought to engage Mr. MacDonald's attention immediately without waiting for the assembling of Parliament. It is a thing which would have the instant approval of the country. He ought to order the publication of the suppressed report that the Prince of Wales made on the distressed areas.

The Labour Government is starting its second term of office in an atmosphere of good-will. No Cabinet ever had a better start.

Let us, therefore, in the friendliest spirit, utter a word of warning.

Throughout the country there is a real spirit of hope. It is not confined to the poor and the unemployed. It is also widespread among all those who see at last a chance for real disarmament and world peace.

The Cabinet carries on its shoulders an enormous responsibility. Unless it can do something big to fulfil this hope it will do more than bring its Party to ruin. It will bring Party Government to destruction.

The overwhelming moral support of the country is behind it. If it is true to its trust and forgets petty theories while it concentrates on big things it may make history.

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Other times—other views

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Five years ago the darlings were of a different complexion. Then the Conservative Party came into power with a huge majority of seats, but a substantial minority of votes.

They had a wonderful opportunity, too, of amending the electoral system. Significantly enough, they did not take it.

FOR a long time the air has been full of talk about the reform of the electoral system.

It will clearly have to be reformed. Continual Government by a minority vote is not a creditable aspect of our democratic franchise.

Civic black sheep

There is one reform that nobody mentions which we think is more important than any change in the actual method of voting, and that is to make the recording of the vote a statutory obligation on every citizen.

It is all very well to talk about the franchise as a privilege. It may be. It is certainly a civic duty, and it is a duty that is shirked by anything up to 30 per cent. of the electorate.

When twelve citizens are summoned on a jury to determine whether Mr. Smith owes Mr. Jones money, they must appear, or are liable to a fine if they fail to do so.

Surely the fact that the national jury numbers 28,000,000, and that its task is to give a verdict on the much more important matter of the welfare of the whole country, strengthens rather than weakens the case for making the vote as obligatory as ordinary jury service?

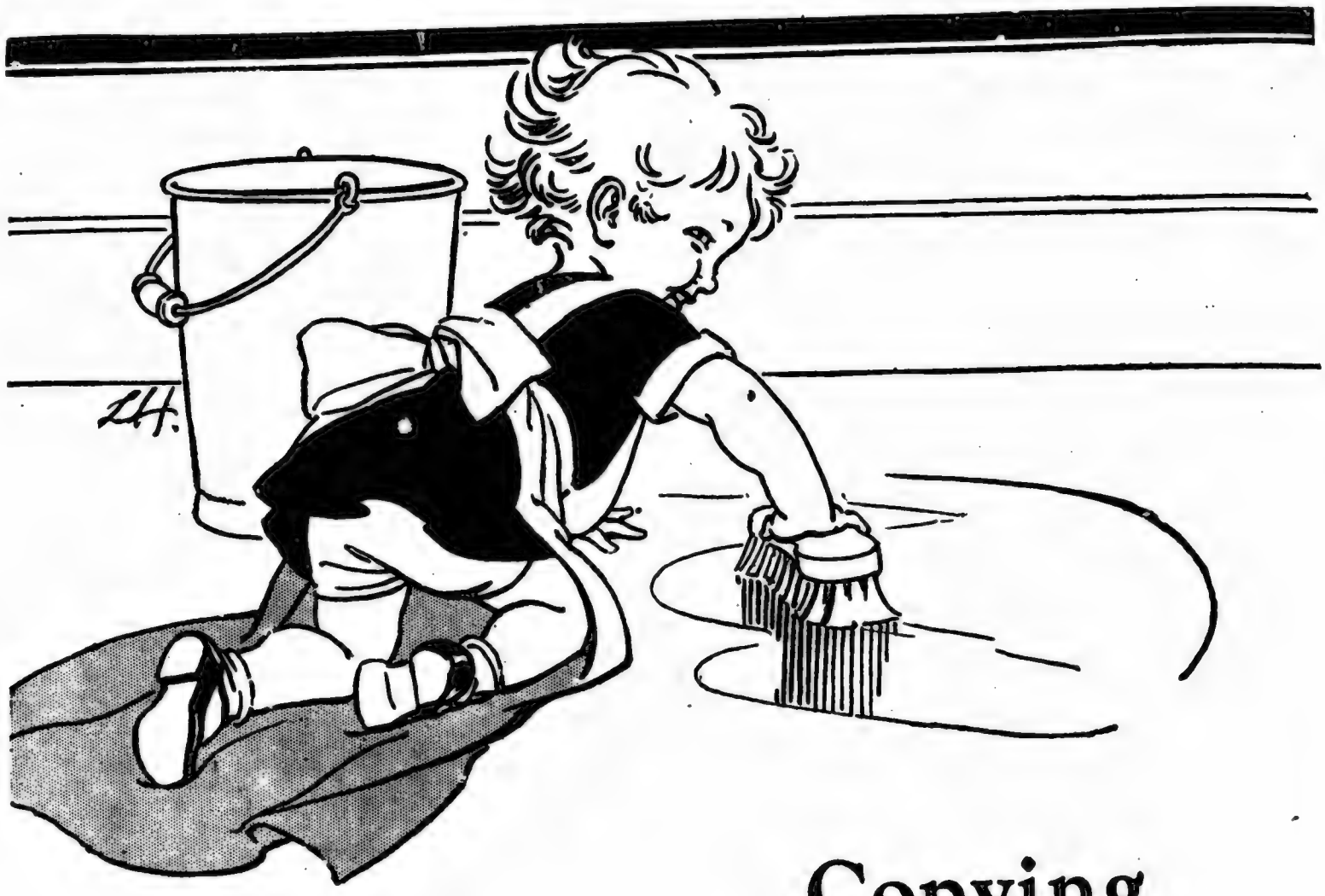
If you do not see that your name is on the register of electors you are liable to a fine. It is only logical, therefore, that you should be penalised for not exercising the vote which inclusion on the register gives you.

The election of a Government is too serious a matter to be left to chance. It should reflect the views of everyone in possession of the vote.

For nearly a hundred years unceasing battles have been fought for the granting of universal adult suffrage. The battles have now been won, and the next thing is to see that the vote is used—and not wasted.

NOT only should voting be made a statutory obligation, but persistent failure to vote should carry the penalty of disfranchisement. If there are people who do not want to vote, why should they have the unwanted opportunity?

We make this suggestion in all seriousness. It is, unfortunately, one of the strange paradoxes of democracy that freedom sometimes needs the spur of a little compulsion to make it really operative.



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No. 10 Downing Street impoverished Mr. MacDonald last time. So this time he nearly decided not to live there at all. You see him here with his daughters. Miss Ishbel (in a dark coat), acts as hostess for her widower father.

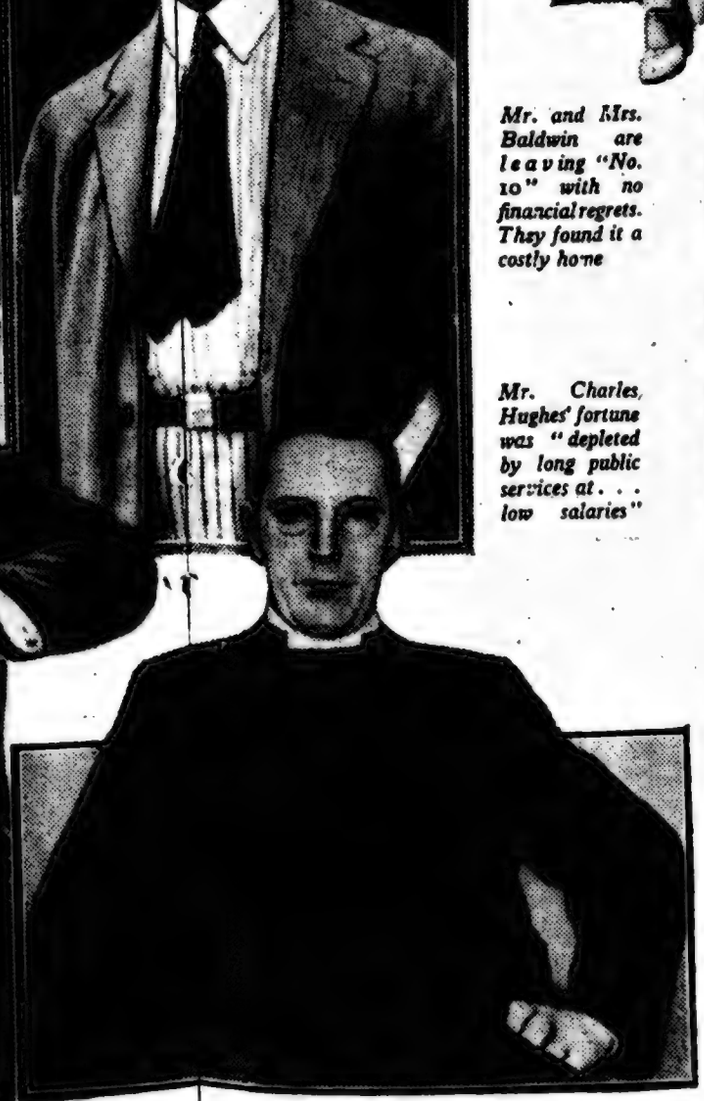
The High Price o

The paths of glory are sometimes littered with household bills

Twenty-five servants are needed economically to maintain Lambeth Palace. A millstone round Archbishops' necks

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin are leaving "No. 10" with no financial regrets. They found it a costly home

Mr. Charles Hughes' fortune was "depleted by long public services at . . . low salaries"



Dean Inge ("The Gloomy") "has been driven into highly paid journalism"

The Bishop of London . . . "protested against his compulsory expenditure"

TO-DAY the price of fame is poverty. Whatever fate may hold in store for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his administration, one thing is certain—the members of the new Cabinet despite their salaries will leave office poorer than when they accepted it.

It costs a great deal of money to fill the highest office in the State. No Prime Minister nowadays expects to make a profit, even when he couples with his office that of First Lord of the Treasury, the salary of which was fixed at £5,000 a year over 250 years ago.

The Prime Minister cannot augment his income by private enterprise or political journalism. Normally, all he can hope to receive is £5,000 a year. Actually, what he gets is much less.

William Pitt arranged various offices, so that he drew £10,532 a year, in purchasing power nearly three times that amount to-day. Yet when he died the House of Commons voted money to pay his mountain of debts.

Lord Oxford and Asquith earned £60,000 as a Minister of the Crown; but in his declining years rich friends had to provide him with a decent income; and he died worth only just over £9,000.

Sacrificed millions

Mr. Bonar Law threw up big business for politics. His exceptional gifts might well have made him a millionaire had he not sacrificed himself in the public service. He left what, in his case, was a comparatively small amount—about £35,000.

During the past four and a half years Mr. Baldwin has nominally earned £22,500. Income-tax, super-tax, and rates have reduced that to £15,750.

A former Prime Minister estimated that during office he received £67 a week after paying income-tax, and that on the maintenance of five servants, one additional secretary, repairs, personal and family expenses and hospitality he spent £64 a week.

During his last spell of office Mr. Baldwin has had a more strenuous time and has extended a wider hospitality.

Normally, in approximately thirty weeks of the session of the last Parliament, the Downing Street "sleeping on the premises" household numbered not fewer than fourteen persons—including members of the Baldwin family, lady's-maid, cook, two housemaids, kitchen-maid, maid-of-all-work, chauffeur, general man and doorkeeper.

The average weekly bill for servants, including food, during that period was practically the same as for the other twenty-two weeks, when the servants were on board-wages. It worked out at approximately £622 10s. for wages and £400 a year for food.

Thus, of his £67 Mr. Baldwin had a little over £47 left. Of this sum visits to "Chequers" and additional expenses there consumed an average of £10 a week.

So the First Minister of the Crown can anticipate about £36 to £37 weekly with which to do the honours of his great position.

Taking hospitality alone, one luncheon such as was provided for the Russian delegation or the Zaghlul Mission means over £100 with incidentals.

Let us consider the Premier's hospitality expenses during two typical weeks of a Parliamentary session.

The first week includes, say, a meeting of the Imperial Conference. The second is a pre-Budget day week in March.

The former worked out thus:

	£	s.	d.
Two luncheons	23	0	0
One dinner party ...	13	0	0
Five ordinary luncheons	6	2	6
One reception	12	10	0
One informal party ...	7	17	6
Total	£62	10	0

In a pre-Budget week in March the cost, of course, is much less:

	£	s.	d.
Two dinner parties (ten persons)	10	0	0
Extra luncheons (on four days)	5	10	0
Reception at No. 10 ...	4	10	0
Eight guests (on three days)	6	0	0
	£26	0	0

These accounts make sad reading for a man with £37 a week to "make do upon."

Badly "let in"

No wines, cigars or incidentals are included, and no Prime Minister knows the day nor the hour when, to put it plainly, he may be "let in" for two or three one-hundred-guinea functions to drain his shallow purse by the arrival of some potentate, ambassador or distinguished foreigner with his *entourage*.

But the claims of charity, incidental expenses not allowed for by the Auditor-General—such as telephones beyond the official quota and repairs outside the scope of the Office of Works—together with personal expenses (for even a Premier must be decently clad and live in a style and dignity which costs cash at every step), laundry and other little matters about which "every housekeeper knows," have not been mentioned or accounted for.

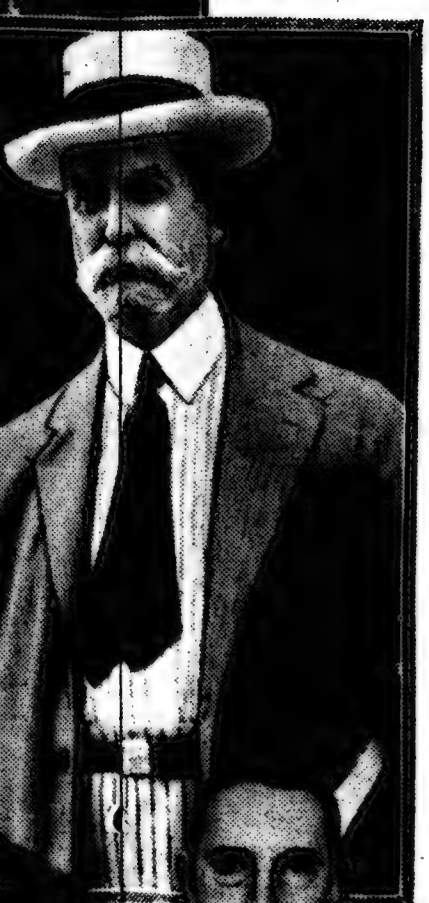
Economical though Mr. MacDonald and his housekeeping daughter, Miss Ishbel, may be, they cannot hope to escape much more lightly—especially as the present Premier is jealous to maintain the full dignities of his great position.

Before John Burns took office, he said no man was worth more than £500 a year. When he was made President of the Local Government Board he very sensibly took the normal salary of £2,000, and found no fault with a departure from general practice that raised it to £5,000.

Mr. J. R. Clynes, who led his Party in the Commons during the first Labour Government, found that "£5,000 a year is enough for

h Price of FAME

sometimes d bills



Twenty-five servants are needed economically to maintain Lambeth Palace. A millstone round Archbishops' necks

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin are leaving "No. 10" with no financial regrets. They found it a costly home

Mr. Charles Hughes' fortune was "depleted by long public services at . . . low salaries"

The Bishop of London . . . "protested against his compulsory expenditure"

Dean Inge ("The Gloomy") "has been driven into highly paid journalism"

the work, but not enough to pay the costs of doing it."

His chief, the present Prime Minister, confessed on leaving office at the fall of the first Labour Administration, that he was poorer than when he went to Downing Street.

In a world that rains gold upon actors and actresses, movie stars, jockeys, dramatists, singers, patent medicine vendors, men who spend themselves recklessly in high public positions are invariably underpaid.

Dr. Randall Davidson, who was Primate of All England for a quarter of a century, required twenty-five servants economically to maintain that dignity at Lambeth Palace.

No surplus

When he recently retired, it was necessary to supplement his pension of £1,500 by a subscription of £15,000.

The fame of the bishopric of London is enticing.

Its occupant lives in a palace built in the reign of Henry VII., and has a town house, tangible patronage, a seat in the House of Lords, and £10,000 a year.

Two years after he became Bishop of London, Dr. Winnington Ingram protested against his compulsory expenditure. During that period he had spent at the rate of £10,294 a year.

A few years later he announced that he was £5,000 poorer than when he went to Fulham Palace.

Than Dr. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's, there is no more brilliant intellect in the Established Church to-day. His stipend is £2,000.

In the deanery there look down portraits of his predecessors, who had effective incomes ten times as great; but he has been driven into highly paid journalism to meet the needs of his growing family and the high cost of maintaining his position.

In the realm of law, Lord Reading sacrificed an enormous income as an advocate when he became a stately Lord Chief Justice with £8,000 a year. His successor, Lord Hewart, might easily have earned the £50,000 a year which Sir John Simon reputedly surrendered to become chairman of the India Commission.

Lord Mayors of London, even with the Mansion House and £10,000 a year in allowances, have for years neglected the claims of business to serve the City and achieve the fame which accompanies the most historic and spectacular chief citizen in the world.

Forgotten Lord Mayors

Financially, however, the price has been heavy—and who can name the last ten Lord Mayors?

But the present-day high price of fame is not peculiar to this country alone.

Marshal Foch, the outstanding military genius of the war, died in a humble residence in the Rue de Grenelle, Paris, with one servant to look after him. He could not, he declared, visit countries that desired to welcome him "because I cannot afford it."

Mr. Joseph Choate, a great American lawyer, and greater man than lawyer, was attracted to the Court of St. James to represent the United States as Ambassador.

Yet he was compelled to abandon his brilliant position owing to the high price of fame and had to return to his legal business in New York to repair his shattered fortune.

Mr. Charles Hughes, formerly Secretary of State, is America's greatest living lawyer, with the possible exception of aged Mr. Elihu Root.

But after rendering brilliant service in the field of politics, he, too, was compelled to retire in order to recoup his personal fortune, "depleted by long public services at relatively low salaries."

In the past few years there have been striking instances of something akin to a revolt against the high price of fame.

The State has lost, through the competition of business, the services of many able men.

Lord Birkenhead, in particular, has refused to tolerate a renown he could not adequately afford to maintain.

The emoluments of high office, he discovered, were utterly insufficient to pay for the necessary dignities and service required by traditions to accompany it.

Care-free age

And so he abandoned the public service for the City, where he is accumulating a sufficient fortune to leave his old age free from care, and to enable his son to serve the State without endless financial worries.

This is but one example among many. Constantly finance and commerce attract the ablest brains from politics and the Civil Service.

At the present time there are in the City of London two ex-Chancellors of the Exchequer (Mr. Reginald McKenna and Sir Robert Horne), men of consummate ability, who enjoy incomes far above anything they might earn in the service of the public.

Mr. Philip Snowden supplements the meagre salary of fame by writing provocative articles for newspapers. Here he is on Downing Street's doorstep

Sir Auckland Geddes, once Minister of the Crown and later Britain's Ambassador at Washington, and his brother, Sir Eric, may be found inconspicuously in business not a stone's-throw from the Bank of England.

"The noble rewards of public service" have become empty and meaningless phrases, even if enshrouded in the garb of fleeting fame.

These men, and others who have cut fame from their consideration in a large degree, are now independent of electoral chance and personal prejudice. Their incomes are large and permanent in their easier and more independent careers.

Bad for democracy

If, twenty years ago, the £5,000 a year of His Majesty's Ministers did not spell affluence, it was at any rate a handsome salary. But, to-day, a taxed £5,000 a year, in the new world of high prices, leaves little, if any, margin. Nor do the circumstances, particularly of political life, make for economy.

The choice of the nation is limited if men of first-class ability are excluded from high political office because, primarily, they must consider their future. The cause of democracy is vitally affected if politicians are wholly drawn from a class which commands large, unearned private incomes.

Whether it is better for men of great intellect to pursue careers for wealth amassed in business; whether it would be an incalculable benefit to the nation if the highest esteem went to those who are content with the modest incomes and plain living, are problems which Britain must face without delay.

At present, public opinion does not applaud such self-sacrifice. Should it do so?

5 for 10D

One of the charms about a Manikin is that the first puff comes through a winner, makes you long for more —and a full breath of the grand flavour to follow when the little fellow gets really going.

Half an hour later you lay aside the tiny end with regret but satisfaction — that's one reason why Manikins are so good in themselves and so good for you.

Each One Satisfies.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

A Real Life Story by THOMAS BURKE

Illustrated by Illingworth

"The woman was standing near the window. The man was approaching her from behind. . . ."

A VILLA and a VISION

THE following experience, which certainly outrivals fiction, happened to me some years before the war.

All through one grey-skied afternoon I had been wandering round the northern rim of London's cup, and had come at twilight into the bleak and bilious country of the north-east.

There were a hundred half-finished houses. The grass of the fields was sore with eruptions of bricks and poles and tool-sheds.

This place, I could see, was to be a new suburb for people of small means. But as that cadaverous light fell upon its litter, my reason was frozen and my spirits went to ashes.

I could not see it as Kettering Park, N.E. I could only see it as a grouping of horror waiting upon horror.

And then, as though my mind had launched horror into it, horror was born in it and took shape and substance to my eyes.

The workmen were just knocking off when I arrived, dropping their tool-bags in the night-watchman's shed, and slouching in twos and threes towards the station.

But the little caravan "office" of the estate was still open, and potential tenants of the houses were still moving about it and asking questions of the two clerks who were there to answer them.

A small river bordered one side of the estate, and to get to the main road leading back to London I had to cross this river by a stone bridge some two hundred yards north of the estate.

I crossed it, and turned southward again, on an uphill road, and had a clear view of the houses on the other side.

It was then that I noticed—not because they were noticeable but because they were there—a man and a woman coming towards a house on the limits of the property.

The man carried an umbrella, tightly rolled, and a newspaper. He had small features and a yellow moustache out of proportion to them. His overcoat, trousers and bowler hat were neither fresh nor shabby, just adequate.

A clerk or a town commercial traveller, you would have said, who had succeeded no further than the point of making ends meet.

The woman's face, what I could see of it, was the face of a woman of forty, and the droop of her mouth and her movements in walking suggested that this was a woman who felt that life owed her something.

There are thousands of her in her rank of life. What she was wearing I couldn't say; I never can say what women are wearing.

Eminently respectable, both of them; eminently typical of the future tenants of the estate; eminently negative.

The steep ascent of my path compelled me to walk slowly, and I had them in view until they entered the half-finished house at the end of the road-that-was-to-be.

At this point my path turned inwards toward the river, and brought me closer to the house by sight, though the distance I had walked from the bridge had put it actually so much the farther from me. I could see into it, but I could not reach it.

I was at the nearest possible line to it when I heard the man's voice. He called, "Where are you?" The woman answered, "Upstairs. Back room."

I could hear his boots on the uncovered stairs—I can hear quite sharply that gritty clumping now—and then through the unglazed windows of the upper back room I saw them together. And as I saw them my throat made a noise that surprised me.

It was an unsuccessful cry; unsuccessful, because it came from the physical without direction from the mental. It was a muscular explosion, and the detonator was the simple fact that this eminently negative couple had become in one moment eminently positive.

(*Continued on page 26.*)

Cheddar or Cheshire
BOX OF
6, 8, or 12 portions
1/4½

1st PRIZE £50
2nd PRIZE £20
3rd PRIZE £10
4th PRIZE £10
100 PRIZES OF 10/-
100 PARCELS (Value 10/-) of 'DIPLOMA' PURE FOODS.
200 BOXES OF CHEESE
200 TINS of CORONET Milk

A budding young poet of Kew,
Wrote, "My inspiration is you
Oh, Crustless Diploma!
Your taste, your aroma

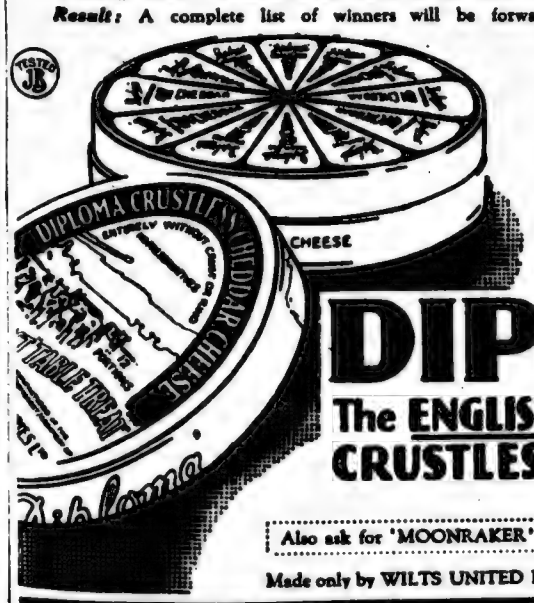
CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £50 and other prizes, as stated, for a best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on a piece of paper and attach the small coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire, or Dunlop) or label from 'Diploma' Milk or 'Coronet' Milk. Send as many attempts as you like, but to each must be attached a label. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to

Competition: **(Dept. 7), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE.**

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than **Wednesday, June 26, 1929.**

Result: A complete list of winners will be forwarded by post to every competitor



£10 WINNER.

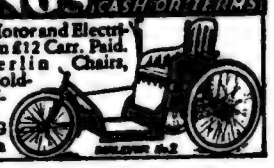
Writes a charming young maiden from Trinj,
"For supper your cheese is the thing:
Every night, I must vow,
Is 'Diploma Night' now,
And we wake with 'that Crustless feeling.'"

DIPLOMA
The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Also ask for 'MOONRAKER' BUTTER—another 'Diploma' product.

Made only by WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

HARDING'S INVALID CARS CASH OR TERMS



Hand-driven also Motor and Electrically propelled. from £12 Carr. Paid. Bath Chairs, Merlin Chairs, Stair Carrying and Folding Chairs, from 45/-
CATALOGUE FREE
R. A. HARDING
1 Manvers St., Bath

PLUVEX ROOF FELT

Best for all small buildings; clean, neat, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 8/9. Heavy grade 8/-. Every roll guaranteed. Used under tiles on concrete prevents rot.

LASTS LONGEST! Of Ironmongers everywhere

Vital- *Attractive-*

CHARM—repose—poise—self-possession—those indefinable qualities that make a woman attractive. She has them all.

She has found out the simple secret of relaxing the nerves—through using Wrigley's Chewing Sweets.

Your doctor will tell you that chewing calms the nerves—relaxes them. It calms the brain. Muscular tension is then relaxed. The mind and body work in harmony—with far less effort—with far greater efficiency.

Wrigley's also adds to attractiveness by cleansing the mouth and teeth. And it sweetens the breath—removing all trace of eating, drinking or smoking.

Use Wrigley's after every meal. In two flavours—P.K., a true peppermint flavour—Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour.

WRIGLEY'S

E.J. 42

corns on little toes

Corns made her feel old and decrepit. Now they are gone—Thanks to Radox.

Does the continuous shooting pains of corns make you feel old before your time? The writer of this letter was almost literally bowed down by painful corns. Nothing would touch them until she put her feet into Radox footbaths. Immediately she felt relief, and the third bath brought her corns right out, roots and all. Read her letter:—

"*I had two very painful corns on each of my small toes, making me feel really old and decrepit and unable to continue my long, healthy walks I was accustomed to enjoy. I tried almost everything recommended without any good results, until I read your advertisement for Radox. I felt relief directly after the first footbath containing Radox, and after the third the corns were so softened I was able to lift them right out, and all the inflammation had gone, too. I persevered until they were quite healed, and have never had any trouble with my feet since.*"

(*Mrs.*) *G. P., Gt. Yarmouth.*

11*th April*, 1929.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily.

1/6 *half-pound pink packet.*

Radox Bath Salts

Bring quick relief to aching feet

Ask for Radox at your chemist's, price 1/6 per half-pound Pink Packet, and 2/6 double quantity.

Backache

"Kruschen has cured Me"

"*Having found great benefit by using Kruschen Salts, I am only too pleased to say what relief I have received from it. For many years I have always had pains in my back, and doctors have constantly told me it was kidney trouble. Now for two years I have not had to see the doctor, through using Kruschen Salts. My work is domestic work and trying, but now I find taking a little 'daily dose' of Kruschen Salts has quite cured me of my backache.*"

Miss E. T., Haslemere, Surrey.

9*th April*, 1929.

If you've suffered long with backache, you've learnt by now that the cause is sluggish kidneys. Knowing this fact, why not take the sensible step of stimulating your kidneys to healthy, regular action? Why not put the six salts of Kruschen into your blood? As soon as you do this, rest assured you'll be putting an end to that old agonising pain. Kruschen cannot fail to start your kidneys functioning as Nature intended they should. It has never failed yet. Kruschen will bring blessed comfort soon after you begin. And, as you persevere with the "little daily dose," your pains will gradually disappear until, finally, backache will become no more than a bad memory. Get acquainted with Kruschen—quickly. Buy that bottle to-day.

Tasteless in Tea

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good Health for a Farthing a Day.

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Get a bottle to-day.

"A Villa and a Vision"—*Continued from page 24*

The woman was standing near the window. The man was approaching her from behind. It all happened swiftly, in a group of seconds, but it was in the fraction of the second in which I realised his intention and her danger that I delivered that abortive cry.

Before that second had passed into time his hands were around her throat, and he was dragging her backwards from the window, and downwards. I cried then with intent, and clearly; but if he heard me he did not let me disturb him.

From my point on the crest of the hill I had to see the completed dreadfulness of the affair. I was an eye-witness and a possible saviour; and I was as useful as if I had been at Charing Cross.

It was not a matter of distance, but of time; and between me and them was the time needed to flounder through fifteen yards of running river. I saw him drag her back and down.

I let out a series of large directed cries toward the office of the estate, and began to run back to the bridge.

I tore across the bridge, and reached it in a time that surprised me. I caught one of the clerks, but my want of practice in running found me breathless, and some moments were wasted before I could get the story into him.

He stopped and looked at me with what used to be called a quiz. "Look here—what's all this? I don't know what you're talking about at all. Nobody's been down to that house. I have been here all the time. There *was* a man and woman like you say went to look at it, but they went out past my office half an hour ago, at five."

"Then they must have come back another way, because I *saw* them. Saw them and heard them in the house. I saw him do it. Anyway, come and see."

Inside the house the light was not so good, but as the rooms were bare, only a glance here and there was necessary. He was not on the ground floor. "Now, then. Upstairs. It was the back room. You'll see something *there;* and you may see *him* in one of the others. Carefully."

WE went up, and I looked first into the front rooms and the bathroom. Nothing there. Then I pointed to the back room. Despite the horror and pathos of the occasion, I must confess to a detached interest in seeing my cocksure clerk jump.

I was guilty of the what-did-I-tell-you posture. "Now look in there." He went in. I gave him a few seconds to himself; then followed him. He looked round at me with "Well?"

The room was empty!

If you have ever pulled a fire-alarm, and then found that the "fire" was a private bonfire, or tried to save a drowning man and found that he was a professor of swimming doing stunts, you will understand how I felt. The room was empty. All the rooms were empty. There was no corpse and no murderer.

The clerk looked at me with a grin. "Haven't made a mistake in the house, I suppose? Perhaps we'd better look over all of 'em."

"Perhaps you had. He might have carried it away while I was running. But this was the house. I was standing there—on the road just across the river. *I saw it in this house.*"

"Well, well, well. All I can say is, I've had a clear view of this house all the afternoon. Nobody's been in it except the two people you mentioned. And they went at five o'clock. And nothing's been near that house or come out of it in the last half-hour.

"Nothing *could* have come out without me seeing it—not out of any point of it—'cos it's in a corner. Certainly not a man carrying a bundle. No, sir. If you'll excuse me, I've got some things to clear up at the office."

I made apologies for putting him to purposeless trouble, and walked off with what air of normal behaviour I could summon. As I moved away I heard a grinning mutter, "Up the loop, I reckon."

"Could any woman—or any man—have left him there to die, if there was a chance of life? . . ."

The Man who DIED IN DARKNESS

Next Week's True Story

by **HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE**

I came away disgusted and distressed. Disgusted with myself for exposing myself to the clerk's gibes; distressed because if that thing hadn't happened, then nothing was happening. I wasn't walking, and the night wasn't coming on, and there wasn't any estate or any bridge.

I had a foreboding of a nervous breakdown. I was certain that I was wearing boots and trousers, and I was equally certain that that thing had happened.

But there was the fact that it *hadn't* happened, and if it hadn't happened, then I wasn't wearing trousers, and the world was skidding sideways from me. I thought of the usual explanation of ghosts, but it couldn't have been a ghostly haunting, because ghosts don't haunt a house before it has been fully built and lived in, and they don't wear the fashions of to-day.

I went home puzzled, disgusted, irritated, and slightly apprehensive; and it was three or four weeks before I shook off the damp memory of that afternoon.

* * *

Eight months later, in the early part of the next year, I went out at about ten o'clock one morning and saw the contents bill of a special edition of one of the evening papers:

"NORTH LONDON MURDER."

I saw it and noted it, but only as I note other things that don't interest me, such as "Test Match Result" and "Latest from Gatwick."

The bill gave it no excited epithet, so I assumed that there was nothing to distinguish it from any other murder; it would be just one of those sordid affairs that happen in London four or five times a year.

BUT at mid-day, when I was in my club, a later edition of an evening paper was brought in, and it was put on the newspaper table, just at my elbow. I picked it up and saw that its main front-page story reported a murder at Kettering Park, a suburb of North London.

As you have guessed, the combination of the words "murder" and "Kettering Park" started a mnemonic shuttle in my mind, and I began to read the story. Besides full details, it carried pictures of the victim and of a prisoner who had been arrested and charged with murder that morning.

Yes; the pictures were what you are expecting them to be. I should have recognised anywhere the severe droop of the woman's mouth and the fluffy moustache that was too big for the face.

They were as familiar to me as the face of my favourite waiter, and I turned to the story with a feeling almost of relief. That goblin memory which at odd times of day and night had perched on my brain was now pulverised.

The thing had happened, the idea had washed itself out in fact and was done with for ever. What I had seen had indeed been a ghostly haunting, but with a difference. It had been not, as usually, a revisitation of the event, but a ghostly foreshadowing of it. I had not been suffering from nerves; *I had simply seen something before it happened.*

I HAD at other times suffered something that verged upon this experience. It had often happened that I had invented and written a story, and three or four months, or longer, after the story had been published had seen that same story, almost detail for detail, as a news item.

It still happens. But this was the first and only time that I had psychically witnessed a physical event before its living performance; and when I saw that that was the solution of my afternoon at Kettering Park, I felt easy, and knew what the story would be.

It was all there. The very villa of Kettering Park, which the couple had occupied for about five months; the newspaper, the umbrella; the hour (half-past five); it was all there, just like the——. And then I dropped the paper.

For, though all the details were there, the key-point of the thing was not. I picked up the paper and studied it again; and, as I read, that one missing thing brought the goblin back, and I felt again the damp and insubstantial sense of living in widdershins world. I felt as I had felt when I sent the clerk into the back room.

The body had been found in the upper back room of the villa, overlooking the river. (Right.) An umbrella and a newspaper were lying beside it. (Right.) Death was by strangulation. (Right.) And then the thing went all wrong. The picture of the victim was the picture of the *man*. The picture of the arrested murderer was the picture of the *woman*.

I cancelled my order for lunch, and went out to walk in crowded streets. I can think best in crowded streets. I bought another paper and looked again at the story as I walked.

THE woman had gone to the local police-station and had given herself up for murder. She offered a plain story—that she had put up with her husband's foul treatment of her till she could stand it no longer, and that the previous evening, in a blind fit of rage, she had turned upon him and, as she said, "done for him."

That was all; but it was enough to reopen my disturbance for the rest of the day.

That unreasonable creature man will always flatter himself that he lives by reason, and he cannot endure the biting of the inexplicable. I couldn't.

For peace of mind I had to find an explanation of this miscarriage of my vision, and I walked until I had found one. Whether it is psychically sound I don't know. It's this.

Was it possible that the woman did it in *unconscious* self-defence? Was it in his mind, the day they looked over the house, to murder *her*, and did his mind fill the house with the idea and leave it there for me to see? And leave the idea in the house to creep into the woman's mind?

And did she, when he was about to do it, get from his intention some subconscious and half-perceived signal that released all her repressed rage and set her to turn his own idea upon him?

I don't know, and nobody will ever know. She died in prison before trial. I offer it as the only explanation that reason can give to the unreasonable.

Nobody listens nowadays,
but everybody looks. Say it with a 'Kodak'
snapshot. It speaks so much more
clearly than words.

The Fruits of Experience

KIA-ORA
LEMON ORANGE

The reasons why Kia-Ora Lemon and Orange Squashes and Crushes and Grape Fruit Crush are so much superior to other brands—the secret lies in the blending and selecting of the right kinds of Lemons and Oranges. The Manufacturers of Kia-Ora have had 20 years experience of this and know the best districts in which to buy the fruit, the right times to buy and how to blend the juice with sugar in the correct proportions.

A large bottle makes from 25 to 30 glasses.

Simply mix with water —Cold or Hot.

1/1 and 2/- per bottle at all Grocers, Wine and Spirit Merchants and Chemists.

Kia-Ora Ltd., Blackfriars, London, S.E.1, and Australia.

20 PIECES of UNDERWEAR
Including a WELL-MADE SUITCASE

for **2/-**

DOWN!

I WANT YOU TO RECOMMEND ME TO YOUR FRIENDS.

Dear Sir,

I personally bought all the articles I am offering you, and know that they are the very best quality. I am sure that if you will allow me to send you one of these Outfits, you will be a regular customer of mine.

It consists of:—

1 strong, serviceable, Leatherette Suitcase, metal lock and fittings.
2 All Wool Pants.
2 All Wool Vests.
2 First quality Oxford Shirts, fast colours, or 2 Lantern Tunic Shirts, with collars to match.
2 Pairs of Cashmere Socks.
1 Pair Elastic Braces.
2 Silk Ties.
6 Handkerchiefs.
2 Bristle Hair Brushes.

I guarantee all these articles to give you good long service. You would get no better offer if you paid cash. Free **63/-**

Pay down 2/- (no further payment until you have had the outfit one month) and agree to pay me 7/6 per month. Also let me know the size of the collar neckband you require, and I will send you this Outfit on 7 days' approval. You will be highly delighted when you see it.

Yours truly,

John Blanford

John Blanford
Dept. J.B.O.
119-129, BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.1.

MY SIGNATURE YOUR SAFEGUARD

Look Out for the CAMERA CROOK

Click—He's got you!

"It is not hard . . . to pick a pocket while fussing round with a plausible concern for detail"

THE summer invasion of American and other visitors to this country is now in full swing. The White Star liner *Cedric*, which arrived in the Mersey a few days ago from Boston and New York, carried nearly 700 passengers. She is but one of many, and there is every possibility of the year being a record one.

With the commencement of this summer season a notorious gang of crooks has entered upon a systematic campaign for fleecing wealthy visitors by exploiting their ignorance of our habits and customs.

Two members of the gang have just been sentenced at the Old Bailey.

The offence with which they were charged had no relation to the gang's real activities, and so the truth about their more sinister operations has not come out, and their accomplices are pursuing the campaign with impunity.

The two convicted members of the gang are of the "sweil-mobsmen" type, and have a long string of aliases. Both have several previous convictions registered against them for offences which include robbery, shoplifting, assault and housebreaking.

Racing thugs

They were familiar to the Flying Squad at Scotland Yard as prominent members of "The South London Terrors"—a nickname applied to a group of racing thugs, who were not above terrorising their victims with razors or other weapons.

There are possibly thirty or forty members in this organisation, and in the "off season" they contrive to live by blackmailing bookmakers and crooks, or by car robberies, office burglaries, shop-breaking coups and hotel thefts.

The influx of visitors from abroad, however, inspires them to concentrate upon a line of business which, in their own language, is known as "mug-faking."

This expression, which means the finding of "mugs," owes its derivation to the fact that its practitioners pose as photographers.

The "mug-fakers" have several London hunting-grounds, the most lucrative of which are near Cleopatra's Needle and the Air Force Memorial on the Embankment, Westminster Abbey, Windsor Castle, Hampton Court and other centres which attract overseas visitors.

Lingering criminals

Cleopatra's Needle has, so far, been their chief "headquarters." There they can linger, carrying cameras to disarm suspicion, though 75 per cent. of their number are convicted criminals.

As visitors pause to gaze at the Needle, members of the gang approach them with smiling geniality and invite them to pose for a photograph.

The lure of being photographed in historic surroundings is a strong one to most visitors, who accept the seemingly innocent invitation, and are "whizzed" or "skyed"—the underworld expressions for pocket-picking—in the process of being posed.

A lady, who has recounted her experience at Scotland Yard, was walking along the Embankment carrying an attache-case containing her handbag, a substantial sum of money and several articles of value, when she was approached by one of the genteelly disguised "South London Terrors," who persuaded her to pose for a photograph.

The photographer was most painstaking in placing his subject at the foot of Cleopatra's Needle. But when his portrait was completed, the lady found that some unseen hands had "lifted" her attache-case, which had been set down for a moment while the photograph was taken.

The photographer was most sympathetic, but could only advance the theory that some sneak thief must have passed while their attention was concentrated on the picture.

The lady never for an instant suspected that the thief was an accomplice who had purloined her case when the photographer was instructing her how to pose.

Several other people have been similarly robbed, and complaints have been received by the police from visitors who have had their pockets picked by the bogus photographers, while the latter were smoothing out their clothing or getting them into position.

The photographers take little risk. It is not hard for a skilled, practised thief to pick a pocket while fussing round a victim with a plausible professional concern for detail.

The spoils of such a coup are promptly passed on to a confederate, who makes his "get-away" while the photographers linger to complete their innocent task.

One of the gang's victims is a young man employed by a shipping company as a steward in liners bound to and from Australia.

He recently consented to pose in front of the Air Force Memorial on the Embankment, and, as a result, lost a wallet containing a considerable sum of money.

Unlike the average dupe, he promptly tumbled to the conclusion that the "photographers" had robbed him, and accused them point-blank. He was instantly set upon and severely assaulted.

Although his experience was reported to Scotland Yard nothing could be done, as he sailed for Australia on the following day.

This, in fact, is a difficulty which is constantly confronting the police, for the gang mostly selects victims who are in England only on short visits.

Drinking haunts

We are able to state that the "mug-fakers" sometimes gather together at a public-house off the Strand, or, by arrangements that are constantly varied to suit their purposes and to complicate enquiries, at other drinking-houses in South London.

At these meetings the day's takings are allocated and future plans discussed.

Some of the gang were concerned a little while ago in a murderous assault upon the proprietor of a West End club who, although he had been heavily blackmailed for months, finally refused to meet their demands.

He was badly slashed with a razor, but refused to prosecute, and once again the police were powerless.

In the underworld it is well known that these rogues expect a splendid "season" with American visitors. We are pleased, therefore, to issue this timely warning.

And, while urging the police to take drastic steps to round up these offenders, we suggest to all shipping companies carrying visitors to this country that they make special efforts to acquaint passengers with our revelations.

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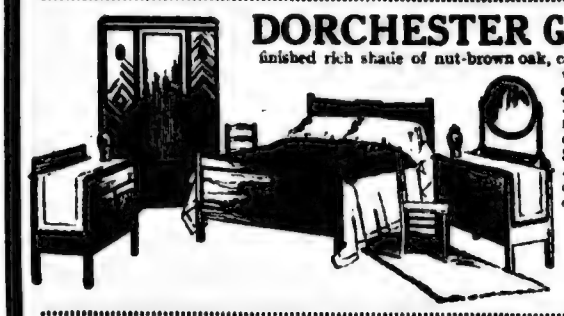

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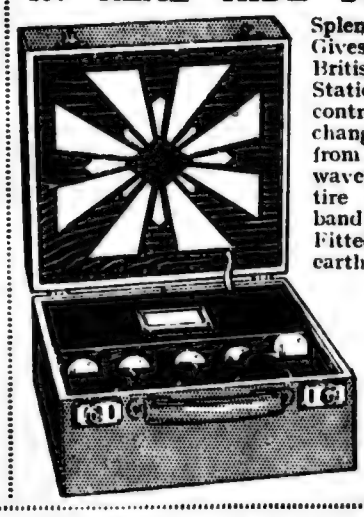

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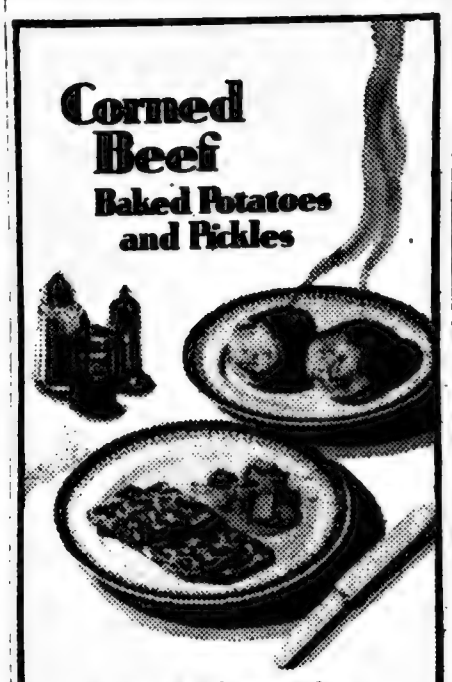

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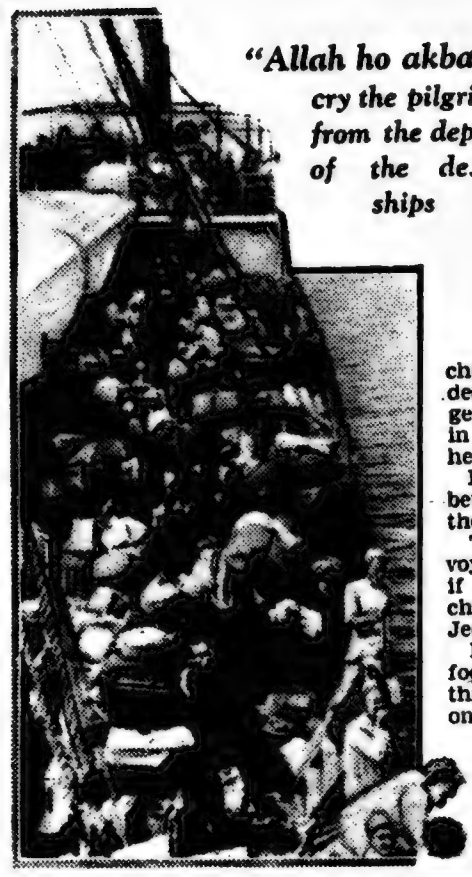

"Allah ho akbar" cry the pilgrims from the depths of the death-ships

To HOLY MECCA *in* FLOATING HELL-HOLES

UNDER a stainless sky, beneath the aching glare of the tropical sun, the cargo-boat ploughs stolidly through a glassy sea—a sea which at any moment may surge and boil at the fierce onrush of the monsoon.

Just now, however, the Indian Ocean is tranquil and untroubled. There is peace upon the waters.

But aboard this British cargo-boat there is no peace, unless it be that peace of soul which zealots feel.

For the cargo-boat has been transformed into a passenger boat; the 8,000-ton vessel now carries 2,000 souls—as many as an Atlantic liner; four times as many as her size warrants.

It is a pilgrim ship. Her upper hold has been emptied of its freight, at some recent port; and now her decks and 'tween-decks teem with pilgrims returning from the sacred city of Mecca.

Every year this happens, when the time of pilgrimage arrives.

From all over Islam they come, from India, Morocco, Turkey, Egypt and Malaya, from every land where Mussulmans live, longing to set foot upon the sacred soil of Mecca; some covetous of the green turban which distinguishes the Hadji—he who has five times braved the perils and discomforts of the journey to Mecca.

Long caravans

They all converge upon Jeddah, which is only eighty miles from Mecca, across the hot desert.

There is a railway, but most pilgrims make the journey across the desert in long caravans of men on foot or mounted on camels.

They are of all types, these pilgrims who live two or three weeks upon the decks of the pilgrim boats.

There are Malayan rajahs who are met at Singapore, on the return journey, by their luxurious automobiles and smart chauffeurs, and there are rice-coolies from Java.

The majority, however, are poor, but, rich or poor, they all must travel alike, living, eating, praying, sleeping upon the hard, iron decks.

For those who live upon the fore-deck there are heavy awnings to protect them against the devouring sun, but canvas awnings are a poor protection against the terrible seas which pitch upon the decks when the monsoon is upon them in all its fury.

And we must remember that the pilgrim season is precisely the period when the monsoon is at its worst in the North Indian Ocean.

Two thousand men, women and children crowd in this restricted deck space, lying at night close together, so close that if a man stirs in his sleep and flings out an arm, he disturbs his neighbour.

British ships are carrying human beings under these conditions. For the pilgrim business is profitable.

Two thousand passengers on one voyage mean a lot of money, even if the individual passenger rate be cheap at £18 return, Singapore-Jeddah.

Passengers must bring their own food, enough to last a fortnight or three weeks. Generally it consists only of rice.

They cook their meals over fires which they make upon the iron decks.

They cook in the pots which form part of the pathetic bundle of household effects which they bring with them on board—a rug or two, or a blanket for the night; perhaps an extra sarong, or loin-cloth (although this is rare), and usually the pilgrim's clothes, already filthy from the long overland journey.

The ship provides them with only actual deck-space, for which they must struggle and bargain among themselves when first they come on board, and with firewood and water.

Once a day firewood is given out. Once a day each passenger gets his or her ration of water.

Holy and verminous

It takes about four hours a day to serve out the water to the line of waiting pilgrims, and another two hours to serve out the firewood.

They are verminous, these holy ones returning from Mecca, and so the European officers aft must shave their heads for the journey! A much-needed precaution.

Often disease is rife, and only one doctor is provided for each 1,000 passengers, many of them already half dead with starvation and exhaustion from their journey to Mecca, their stay there, and the return across the desert.

That disease should be rife and blossom like a poisonous weed in the thick heat is only natural under such conditions of overcrowding, where infection is unavoidable.

The sanitary conditions—or, rather, the insanitary conditions—assist the spread.

On many pilgrim ships—British ships, to our shame be it said—there is lavatory accommodation for only six people at a time, to be shared among anything from 1,000 to 2,000 passengers.

The first thing every morning there starts a tragic inspection. A little group of white-uniformed European officers may be seen, making its way gingerly among the hundreds of recumbent or squatting forms.

They are the ship's master, the first mate and the doctor.

Every once in a while, they will stoop to examine some one of the faithful who is lying silently upon the iron deck.

Then the mate will chalk a white cross at the feet of the figure, and the little party will pass on. Then, perhaps, another cross here, and another there.

The crosses indicate those who have died in the night. But nobody sympathises with these who have passed on; rather are they envied. For he who dies on the return journey from holy Mecca goes straight to Paradise.

It is hard sometimes to pick out a corpse from the others who lie so still, sick with fever or prostrated with sea-sickness.

Following the medical inspection group comes a gang of seamen. It is their duty to tie fire-bars to the feet of the bodies, so that they sink when cast overboard, a ceremony that is quickly completed, with a muttered prayer.

The number who die in these ships varies. Sometimes the mortality amounts to twenty or thirty each day.

And supposing a monsoon attacks the ship, with its serried mass of pilgrims scientifically packed together in close-pressed rows? Over go the awnings, the one shelter from the avid sun.

And, if the ship is in danger, what then? There are extra life-boats on board, the only trouble being, in many cases, that they are not slung on davits, but are simply dumped upon the deck.

Useless life-boats

How, then, could they be got rapidly over the side, in case of danger? Every seaman knows that the boats would be useless.

Boat-drill, of course, is out of the question, owing to the congested state of the decks.

Pilgrims must, of course, be carried. It is perfectly legitimate business.

But British ships should either carry their passengers with a bare modicum of risk from disease and peril by sea, or they should not carry them at all, rather than bring Britain's name into disrepute.

If these pilgrims do not protest that some of them die like flies upon our vessels, it behoves our shipping companies to set an example in healthy conditions, with an elementary degree of decency.

For one thing, there should be more medical men carried. There should be more Europeans, for the crews also are usually Chinese or Lascar.

Less profit

A little profit could be sacrificed in favour of a little more room for each passenger.

The principal reform needed, however, is the proper fitting out of these ships for the accommodation of pilgrims.

This can be done with cargo-boats, and is, in fact, accomplished on cargo-vessels which occasionally ship Spanish or Italian emigrants to South America.

Cleaner conditions could prevail. The cargo could be properly removed. At present this is certainly not the case.

A vessel which has previously been carrying copra may still have its hold littered with refuse of the cargo, and crawling with copra-bugs, when the pilgrims come aboard.

There are many millions of the followers of Islam in the world. Many of them obtain their only idea of things British by their one experience of travelling in a British pilgrim ship.

Most loyal and useful

It should be remembered that Mohammedans are among the most loyal and useful of the subjects of our Empire overseas.

Let us, then, give them a new and educative conception of British character and prestige by providing pilgrim boats which will be clean, with adequate safeguards against shipwreck, disease and dirt.

It will pay in the long run, and it will add immensely to our credit among the millions of these, our fellow-beings, whose faith in their Prophet is so living and so zealous that they will face danger, privation and death to gaze upon his birthplace while yet their eyes can see.

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Men with a LAMP *in their* SOULS

light darkest London

Father Higley with some of the children who love him almost as much as he loves them. His life has been spent in their service

THERE are saints living to-day—quiet heroes of the Roman Catholic Church—who renounce everything for a life of poverty and humble service in the slums of our great cities.

Men such as Canon Ring, of St. Mary and St. Michael's, in the Commercial Road; Father Higley, of Limehouse, and Father Reardon, of Wapping, are regarded with love and admiration by Catholic and Protestant alike.

It is easy to understand why, for a spiritual beauty of rare quality shines in the ascetic faces of many of these priests who labour in the East End. They have literally given everything to the poor.

IT is hard to penetrate to the real inner life of a devoted priest. It is only by chance remarks that one learns something of the heroic stuff of which his life is woven.

A visit to an East End presbytery is a vivid experience. A table, a couple of chairs, and a few theological books are all that most East End priests possess.

They are desperately poor, for they spend their scanty stipends not on themselves, but for their people. In fact, many of them are unconsciously dying of starvation, so little thought have they of their own physical needs.

There is an East End priest who for fifteen years has never left his slum parish. He does not permit himself the simplest luxuries. He gave up smoking in order that he might have more money with which to alleviate the terrible poverty surrounding him.

Recently he sold the one comfort he allowed himself—an easy chair—in order to buy food for a starving family.

DURING the bitter winter weather he never enjoyed the comfort of a fire.

"I will not have a fire," he told a solicitous parishioner, "when there are women and children who have to do without one."

At all times of the day and night he is at the disposal of those in trouble. It does not matter whether they are Catholics, Protestants, Jews or infidels.

A Chinese, seeking refuge from the vengeance of his Tong, was once given shelter in his presbytery.

Many women—unmarried mothers and those bullied by brutal husbands—have rung his front-door bell in search of help and guidance. They have never rung in vain.

He has saved many unhappy souls from seeking a suicide's grave in the swirling eddies of the Thames.

There is another priest—who forbids all mention of his name—who lives a life of stern asceticism. He has renounced all luxuries. His greatest pleasure in life is to take a party of East End kiddies to the country for a day's outing.

"I can only afford to take a small party once a year," he said; "but the pleasure it gives me to hear the happy laughter and to see the merry smiles on the faces of the little ones is worth a king's ransom.

"Once," he continued, "my love for children was taken a little too literally. I opened my front door one morning to find a baby, snugly wrapped up in a blanket, laughing and cooing on my doorstep.

"I picked up the precious bundle and took it inside, gave the baby some warm milk," he said with a twinkle, "and then set out to find a parishioner who would adopt it.

"It was not a very difficult task. Unlike many of their rich sisters in Mayfair, most of the East End women are passionately fond of children. A baby's smile compensates for the drabness of life."

PRIESTS in the East End of London must be jacks of all trades. There is a priest who has "pulled the engines"—and in the most professional style—at a public-house in his parish.

It happened this way. The barman, a devout Catholic, had to stop at home in order to nurse his wife, who was seriously ill. The landlord threatened to dismiss him unless he returned to work.

Learning of his plight, the priest volunteered to take his place during the "rush hours" in the evening. The landlord consented, with the result that the house did a roaring trade. In fact, the landlord was so reluctant to dispense with the good priest's services that he offered him a permanent post.

Saturday nights are busy nights for East End priests. "I was once called out to prevent a Billingsgate porter—a great hulking fellow—assaulting his wife," laughed one who has seen many years' service in the East End.

"When I arrived and remonstrated with the couple they both turned on me. I told the husband that I didn't mind having a scrap with him—if he felt so inclined—but I did object to his wife hanging on to my coat-tails.

"Furthermore, I stipulated that if I won, both he and his wife would come to church, for they did not belong to any religious organisation.

"The porter agreed to my conditions. We fought two rounds in their tiny sitting-room. At the beginning of the third he landed me one in my solar plexus. I went down for the full count.

"BUT," the priest chuckled, "I made two converts. Both the porter and his wife are now among the staunchest members of my congregation. It was a triumph for muscular Christianity."

The Roman Catholics' spiritual cousins—the Anglo-Catholics—labour devotedly by their side in the worst slums. A sordid Limehouse street was recently the scene of heroic courage on the part of a Church of England curate.

A Lascar from Bombay lay dying of some obscure but highly infectious disease. Nobody would go near him. Even his own compatriots shunned him. It was the curate who went to his aid, tended him, and sent for an ambulance.

It was too late. But the curate did not leave the sordid room in which the dead man lay without kneeling down to pray for the departed soul. The courage of that young man has won many converts to the Church.

"ONE of the most dramatic experiences that has fallen to my lot," said an Anglican parson who has worked for over twenty years in the East End, "happened two years ago. I was busily preparing a sermon in my study when the bell rang.

"I opened the door to find a dishevelled young man, one of my parishioners, standing on the step. He told me, in a quiet, matter-of-fact manner, that he had murdered his wife. He wanted me to hear his confession and give him absolution.

"I told him that I could not consider giving him absolution unless he undertook to give himself up to the police. He said that he would do so if I found someone to look after his children.

"I accompanied him to his home, and found, to our joy, that his wife was only slightly hurt. The knife had struck her only a glancing blow.

"The incident taught him a severe lesson. I found a way to send him to a school of motoring, and he is now a chauffeur to one of the most aristocratic families in this country.

"I saw him driving a car in Park Lane the other day. The ladies he drove little thought that their chauffeur—one of the best servants they have ever had—once came within the shadow of the scaffold."

It is inspiring to visit one of the Roman Catholic East End churches on Sunday morning. Go to Father Higley's church in Limehouse, and you will see what is perhaps the most cosmopolitan congregation in the world.

BURLY dock labourers mingle with dark-skinned Lascars. Here and there is an impassive Chinese; a Malay, who has just come off a ship from Singapore, kneels quietly at his devotions. Two little half-caste children sit by their English mother, who stares with tragic eyes at the figure of the Blessed Virgin.

East meets West in such churches. And when the Sanctus bell rings, and the Host is lifted up for men to worship, the silence can be almost felt.

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Miss Jean Colin, another enthusiastic Amami user.

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10 B

Were you born on a Friday?...
that's an important question this month. Prichard & Constance—who make Amami Shampoos—have decided to give a birthday surprise to all Amami girls who were born on a Friday. What surprise? Well we're not going to let the cat out of the bag, but if you *were* born on a Friday, read the Amami advertisement on p. 33 and solve the problem for yourself.

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Here is a really smart cotton Frock, printed with exquisite fancy design in fast colours, at the absurdly low price of 9/11, but actually sent to you, on approval, for 1/- as first payment.

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LENGTHS: 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches. Also out-size in lengths 42, 44, 46, and 48 inches, 2/- extra.

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Please send me, on approval, Frock No. F.131, at present Bargain Price of 9/11.

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Colour .....

If out-size required, please state "O.S."

I enclose 1/- deposit, together with 6d. for postage, and will pay balance of price either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/- or more. If not satisfied, and I return the Frock unworn at once, you will refund my deposit. Enclose coupon with name and full address and Postal Order crossed thus .

John Bull, 15/6/29. No. 509.

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"Like an Ox to the Slaughter—"

SCENES of grim cruelty occur daily in hundreds of slaughter-houses scattered throughout the country.

Most of these are private establishments which are not under proper supervision, thanks to a foolish by-law inserted in the Public Health Act of 1878, which forbade anyone except medical officers of health or their representatives, officially to inspect slaughter-houses.

Even the police are barred.

Medical officers are humane men, but many of them, afraid to arouse the hostility of local butchers, seldom enter the doors of these private death factories.

Even the methods in vogue at public abattoirs are far from ideal. Large animals, such as bullocks, are still stunned with that barbarous instrument the pole-axe, and then their throats are cut. Sheep and pigs, technically known to butchers as "smalls," have their throats cut while they are still fully conscious.

The use of the pole-axe involves hideous suffering. It is the most inhuman, unscientific instrument conceivable.

The ritual of pole-axeing proceeds as follows: The animal, trembling with fear, is dragged into the slaughter-house, where its head is secured by a rope fastened to a stake in the ground.

The butcher picks up his pole-axe and endeavours to stun it with a single blow on the side of its skull behind the ear.

Battered to death

How frequently he fails is revealed in a joint report made by the Medical Officer of Health, the Veterinary Surgeon and the Superintendent of the Metropolitan Cattle Market to the Health Committee of the City of London Corporation.

There it is stated that bulls, on an average, require two or three blows apiece before they fall stunned—in other words, the helpless beasts may be battered to death. Between those two or three blows must lie an eternity of pain.

Yet beasts at the Metropolitan Cattle Market are slaughtered under ideal conditions compared with the methods in vogue at other slaughter-houses where less expert butchers are employed. In one Sussex abattoir beasts receive, on an average, four or five blows before they sink unconscious

The worst fate, however, is reserved for sheep and pigs, which are "stuck" with a knife.

In some slaughter-houses pigs often take twenty minutes to die because the knife has been carelessly used.

Pigs killed for bacon, after being "stuck," suffer indescribable agonies, since they are hoisted by a chain attached to a hind foot. Frequently they are dragged in this way across the slaughter-house floor before they leave the ground.

It often happens that their legs are badly sprained or broken in hoisting; sometimes they drop on the floor on their snouts by slipping between the hoisting wheel and the sticking bar.

Many pigs are hurried into the boiling water tank before they are really dead.

But behind the walls of the private slaughter-houses animals endure even worse torments.

The proprietors of many of these establishments, in order to economise, employ lads who have neither the judgment nor the strength to use the pole-axe efficiently.

"The butcher . . . endeavours to stun the beast with a single blow on the side of its skull, behind the ear"

Beasts are slowly tortured to death while the youngsters are learning their trade.

It is not surprising that slaughter-house proprietors insist that beginners should practise under conditions of close secrecy. Every precaution is taken to ensure that local officials are not near by when these bungling beginners start their massacre.

An experienced butcher can rarely fell a beast at the first blow. But these novices aim ten, even as many as fifteen, blows at the unfortunate beast's head before death mercifully intervenes.

Brutal beginners

Cases are not unknown where youths, not possessing the strength to stun a bull, and not having the moral courage to face the ridicule of older slaughtermen, have deliberately cut a piece of hide off the animal's head in order to expose the skull to further blows. Beginners are usually given sheep to practise on, since they give the least trouble.

In a great many slaughter-houses the knives used are of an antiquated pattern; the blades are too short and often blunt.

The novice is handed one of these knives, shown where to insert it in the sheep's throat, and then left to his own devices.

It needs strength and skill to kill a sheep properly, and the beginner inevitably tortures it for several minutes.

"Sheep killed by beginners," states an experienced R.S.P.C.A. inspector, "are often terribly cut about the neck. Sometimes the wounds are so big that one could put one's fist into them."

It is not uncommon for a beginner to spend several minutes hacking at a calf's neck before it is severed.

Pig-sticking

Pigs are similarly treated with fiendish brutality. At Rochdale a pig, which had been carelessly "stuck," escaped from the slaughter-house and was found, terribly mauled, in the front room of a neighbouring house. In one Birmingham slaughter-house a beginner attempted to kill a pig by thrusting an iron skewer into its spine.

It is time that a searching investigation was made into the conditions existing in slaughter-houses.

Humane killers are used in a number of slaughter-houses in this country, but the vast majority of butchers prefer the old-fashioned methods.

Butchers are no better or worse than the rest of us. There is little doubt, however, that the environment of the slaughter-house makes them less sensitive to pain. They are not callous, but they do not realise the appalling suffering they inflict.

Moreover, like most handicraftsmen, they are intensely conservative, and dislike the introduction of mechanical instruments.

This natural prejudice is supported by a superstition, which scientific experiments in Scotland and on the Continent have proved to be sheer nonsense, that killing by mechanical means is dangerous and is apt to spoil the meat.

The very reverse is the case. There is not the slightest element of danger in the use of mechanical killers.

The superintendent of one of the largest slaughter-yards in Chicago stated recently that "meat killed by humane killers showed no signs of deterioration."

Torture-chambers

It is intolerable and a hideous anachronism that, in an age notable for its humanitarianism, slaughter-houses should be torture-chambers where terrified animals suffer barbarities.

The Government should sweep away the by-laws that prevent the effective supervision of slaughter-houses. A little honest daylight must be let into these establishments.

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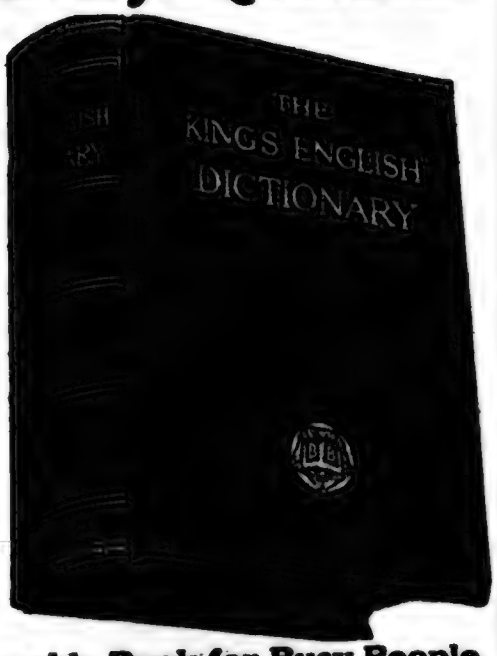

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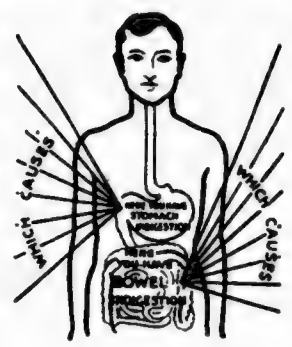
THE SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION

IN THE STOMACH:

- GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
- Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
- ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
- TONGUE coated white all over.
- COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.
- EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
- PAINS darting through Chest, Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.



IN THE BOWEL:

- GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
- Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
- ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
- TONGUE coated yellow at back.
- COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
- EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
- PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

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Can they Save the Children from

A MERRY WIDOW

and her Unsavoury Lover?

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. Each one came from a perplexed man or woman. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

ABOUT ten years ago my brother, a wealthy business man, married a pretty young woman with whom he was deeply in love. My mother, my sister and myself gladly welcomed her.

Unfortunately, she proved flighty. Before the end of the first year she had an open affair which could have provided my brother with grounds for divorce.

But he was desperately fond of her, and, on her promise of amendment, forgave her.

All went well for some years, and three boys were born to the now happy and united couple.

Eighteen months ago the mother broke down again, and carried on a flirtation with a dancing instructor, an unsavoury man with a wife somewhere in the background.

My brother was so cut up about it that he had a severe nervous breakdown, finally went insane, and shot himself.

This broke my mother's heart, and she died soon afterwards. Yet before many weeks had passed, my sister-in-law had again taken up with her paramour.

MY brother had made three different wills, but only one was found after his death. It was dated two years earlier, and left his widow a comfortable annuity and the income on the estate of the boys until they are twenty-one. This amounts to some thousands a year.

Probate was granted on this will, the wife stating that the other two wills had been destroyed.

She has now taken a house in the country, and the dancing instructor is living with her.

Now, "Humanist," my sister and I are very worried about our three little nephews, whose upbringing, as you can imagine, is not going to be what their father would have liked.

Is there any way by which they can be taken away from the influence of such an evil stepfather, who is not even married to their mother?

Also what can we do about the other two wills? I feel convinced that one of these was made later than that proved by my sister-in-law.

"HUMANIST" says: Your first question I can answer in the affirmative. Application can be made to the courts for the appointment of another guardian for the boys if it is proved to the satisfaction of the judge that their home influence is a bad and immoral one.

The point raised regarding the will is a difficult one, unless witnesses to a will of a subsequent date can be found. You and the trustees might act together, and employ an experienced firm of solicitors to make the necessary enquiries.

OLD WOMAN

of the sea

LAST year a cousin of mine, an elderly spinster, wrote asking me if I would offer her a home. She would pay, she said, for her board.

I had always believed my cousin to be in a position to help me, if she had cared to do so, and, moreover, I had always known her to be a lovable person. Thinking then that she might help me in various ways, I put a bedroom at her disposal.

My heart sank when she arrived. She had changed to a shabby, querulous and wretched old hag, and looked as though she had not a penny in the world.

However, I stuck to my word, and for over a year have had the most wretched period of my married life.

My cousin never paid for her board, but actually pilfered everything she could find.

She wandered about the house in the night-time, breaking things as she stumbled along in the darkness. On two occasions she has fallen downstairs.

Her facial expression and words were so far from sane that I called in a doctor to see her.

HE had her removed to the Poor Law infirmary, but he says she is not bad enough to certify, and the authorities will not be able to detain her in the institution against her will.

Meanwhile, there is the difficulty of her maintenance. She has two brothers, who are quite well off, but who act as though she does not exist.

In the circumstances, am I obliged to pay for her?

"HUMANIST" says: You are not compelled to maintain your cousin.

She has no legal claim upon you, so that if, now she is helpless, you refuse her care, the Guardians will be obliged to throw the responsibility upon her brothers, who are her natural guardians.

MONOGAMY

is so monotonous

MARRIED twenty-three years ago, I became the father of two children, a boy and a girl. The girl died in infancy; the boy has grown up to manhood.

While he was still young my trouble began. I became an emigrant, going out with my family to Canada to take up land alongside my brother, who was farming there.

I soon discovered that my wife preferred my brother to myself, with the result that we were always bickering.

We failed to agree on the slightest thing, and presently drifted into such a state of mutual intolerance that more and more my wife would seek the company of my brother, making it very marked that she was deliberately avoiding me.

I became frightfully jealous. At times I felt as though reason had left me.

I began to wander. I changed my place of abode, leaving my wife to her own devices, or to sell up and settle with what she had after realisation, as she pleased.

Being entirely on my own in Eastern Canada, I began to correspond with a very dear cousin of mine in the Old Country. I had always been fond of her, and as time went on this developed into really ardent love on both sides.

Finally, I decided to return to England to see her. She met me at the pier when we landed in Liverpool Docks, and my heart was instantly caught and held by her vivid personality as it had been previously by her letters.

She is the counterpart of my real desire. We are already wedded in the closest ties of real affection, but—I am not free.

I still have my wife in Canada, and that is only half of my problem. I find my cousin is bound, by a sort of tentative engagement, to a man she does not love. She prefers me, and I feel that separation from her would break my heart.

SO much do I hate all thought of accepting my wife, that rather than return to her I would wander alone, nursing sweet thoughts of my cousin to the end of time.

Is it my duty to forgo this passion for my cousin, disregard both her tentative engagement and the claims of my wife, while depending on natural law to work out my problem?

"HUMANIST" says: Your duty is, as it was years ago, to make a home and a livelihood for your wife, and set your son, whom you apparently forget in your analysis of hearts and middle-aged "passions," an example worthy to be followed.

As that is hopeless, since you hate the one and do not care for the other, go on with your liaison if the lady is willing, and allow your wife to divorce you.

But take care that jealousy does not wreck your later life as it all too evidently did the beginning.

Homely Wisdom — *By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.*

The Peace of Life

I HAVE just come across a really beautiful confession from an unexpected quarter.

Viscount Castlerosse has hitherto been known to me, as to many other people, as a clever journalist, full of wit and humour, and well acquainted with nearly every side of our social life.

It never occurred to me to credit him with seeing very deeply into the heart of things or having much sympathy with what one may without offence call unworldly aims.

But I was wrong.

Lord Castlerosse

Writing of the passing of Lord Rosebery, Viscount Castlerosse says: "The happy men and women I know are religious. Religion brings peace beyond all understanding, particularly if it involves sacrifice. Money and power, on the other hand, bring worry and dissatisfaction."

He goes on to state that when he is in England he mixes with persons of high position and great intellect, but that when he is at home in Ireland he visits simple men and women whose whole life is devoted to God.

There is no question whatever as to which are the happier, he declares. The people who have really solved the problem of existence are those who ask no questions about it, but trustfully commit themselves into the hands of God.

Yet he is honest enough to add:

"Still, if I were offered, on the one hand, physical beauty, intellectual power, wealth, the Premiership of England, the faculty for well-nigh supreme oratory, the domination of the world of sport, and, on the other, the gift of faith, I think that the temptation to choose power and wealth would be too great; and yet I know in my heart that I should be wrong."

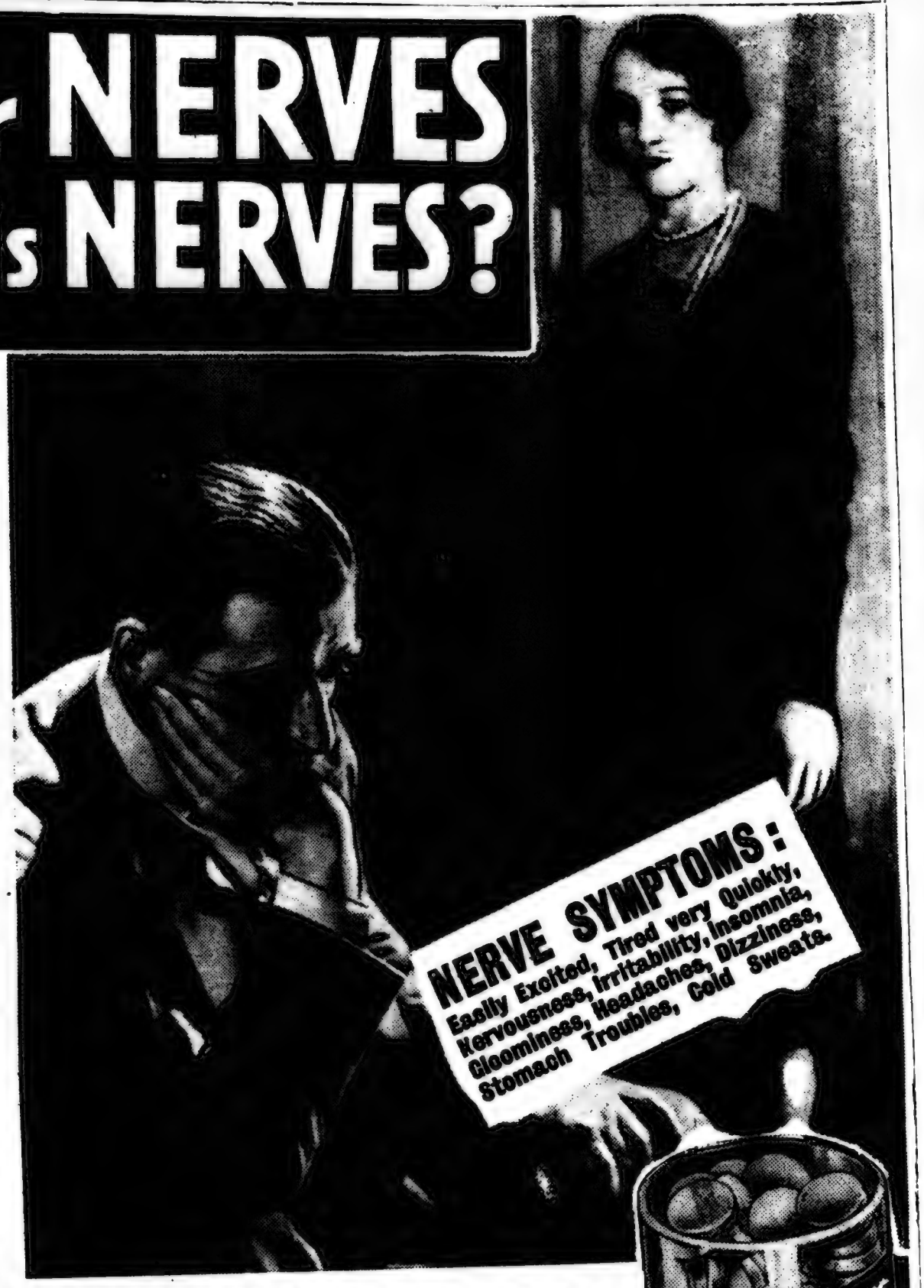
Here is a man who knows what the world at large does not know.

My experience entirely accords with his. The only really happy people I know are those who live their lives in the confidence that all things work together for good to them that love God.

There are many people who think they are happy, but are not. They call pleasure excitement, and prosperity happiness; but real happiness has little relation to these.

It is like a silent, smoothly flowing river or a shining lake that mirrors the everlasting hills.

Do your NERVES get on his NERVES?



ANOTHER storm in a tea-cup. . . . It only needs one set of over-wrought nerves in a household to set everybody's nerves on edge. Home life is soon spoilt if something is not done to remedy things very quickly. Nerviness is not bad temperedness, it's just the natural symptom of a nervous system which is absolutely tired, or run-down.

What is needed in this condition is extra nourishment to repair and revitalize the damaged and depleted nerve centres. Cassell's Tablets are just what you need. Cassell's Tablets are more than a nerve tonic: they are a system of nourishment.

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TESTED JB

LISTLESS, IRRITABLE, EVERYTHING TOO MUCH TROUBLE.

"I feel I must write and let you know the benefit I have derived from taking Cassell's Tablets. I feel a different person. For twelve months my nerves were in a very bad state: I was listless, irritable, and everything seemed too much trouble. Dreadful pains in the head prevented me from sleeping. But after taking a course of your tablets, I am pleased to say I feel quite my old self again. I shall constantly recommend them to others."—Mrs. L. Watts, 42, St. Loys Road, Tottenham.

CONSTANT NERVE PAINS.

"I used to be troubled constantly with my nerves. After my two children came, my nerves became so bad that I could not bear to hear people talking. I suffered from head pains. My digestion got bad and I had fits of sickness and shivering. Then I read about Dr. Cassell's. I really must say Dr. Cassell's have put new nerve in my body and have remedied me."—Mrs. N. F. Kerrison, 22, Spencer Road, East Ham, E.6.

CASSELL'S TABLETS

"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

BOOKS OPEN ON ALL FUTURE EVENTS

* * *

DAILY S.P. LETTER BUSINESS A SPECIALITY.

NO LIMIT on Singles, Doubles, Accumulators.

Write To-day Don't Delay.

5, DRURY STREET, GLASGOW.

Safety First!

20/- IN THE POUND ALWAYS

"—Safe as the Bank"—JOHN BULL 24 March 1928

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

SEND US YOUR LETTER BETS FOR ALL RACES.

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD (Dept. J.B.), 227, BATH ST., GLASGOW.

Letter Commissions accepted from 1/- up to any amount in accordance with our rules.

NO LIMIT. WIN OR PLACE ON ANY RACE

DAILY SETTLEMENTS—WINNINGS BY RETURN.

Have You Seen "THE CHALLENGER" Weekly Sporting Special? If not, write for a copy. Sent Post Free. (Mention 'John Bull.")

FOR CREDIT ACCOUNTS APPLY TO DAVID COPE, LTD., LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4

KINDLY STATE REQUIREMENTS.

Our Letter Parliament

The Skeleton in my Cupboard

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 1os. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament." Letters must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 18.

My Mother-in-Law

I WAS deeply in love with my sweetheart, and we courted for four years. At the age of twenty-one I found I had loved not wisely but too well and became a mother.

My child was born amidst a nervous breakdown. All my life was given to the worry of whether I should tell her the facts of her birth.

She lived to grow up a beautiful and good-living girl, but at the age of twenty-one she had a nervous breakdown and took her own life.

She died without knowing the secret, and I am left with no child, now without my skeleton in the cupboard, but at what a dreadful cost.—*S. C., Kent.*

What Harm?

My husband unfortunately was not possessed of that wonderful quality called courage, and for want of it lost his life whilst serving in France.

Wishing the unpleasant story to be kept from my children, I left the district, cutting myself off from friends and relations who might mention it.

Daddy is now spoken of as a hero, who would despise those who did a cowardly or unkind action. He stands for honesty, courage and truth.

Knowing this to be my children's faith, I hope, for their sakes, to keep my skeleton in its cupboard for ever.—*F. F., Hants.*

When We Were Boys

As a small boy, I was playing in a friend's coal-cellar. For sheer devilment, I removed a big bar which held a trap-door in the pavement. I went home soon after, leaving the bar on the floor.

A little later, a boy fell through this trap-door and broke his leg. This would not heal, and had to be amputated.

The crippled boy is now a man, and is a friend of mine. He does not know that I am the direct cause of his disability, and I suffer keenly, whilst I help him all I can.—*"Frank," Lancs.*

The Sphinx

At the age of sixteen, I was persuaded to marry a man twenty years older than myself, whom I liked, but never loved.

After a time, his temper killed the liking I had for him, till I grew to hate him. Although there are two children, and we have been married twenty years, inwardly I still hate him.

We live a quiet life, and get on fairly well together. He would get a shock if he knew how I hate him; but I keep that well locked up in my cupboard.—*Unhappy Polly.*

Skin Deep

What none of my friends suspect is the fact that my father was a half-caste negro, nor, I think, do they know that I am illegitimate. I first knew of the existence of the skeleton three years ago.

Now when one of my fellow-workers passes an admiring remark about my naturally curly, thick black hair, I inwardly shudder.

The envious ones don't know what pangs I suffer. Still less do they realise why I give my friends the cold shoulder, fearing marriage and the thought of the next generation.—*A South-East London Girl.*

A Skeleton Breast

Years ago I went wrong. A slip, perhaps, only small, but still enough. With the help of my brave little wife, her endeavours and aid, after two years of hard striving, we made good.

Yet there is still within me a real fear of slipping back to the soft, yet hard, ways of easy living.

A hard grip, a real woman's love and care, the thoughts of pain to that dear comrade and our kiddie are keeping me straight.

Yet I always have that fear. "The skeleton in the cupboard" is myself.—*F. J., Kent.*

Handed Down

A few days before my marriage I learned that my mother, whom I was led to believe had died in my infancy, had become insane shortly after my birth and had died after eleven years of misery.

Worse still, I was told that her mother had also died insane.

I offered my fiancé his freedom, but our love was so great that we decided to marry and lock the skeleton in the cupboard.

Now, after three years of happiness, we are afraid to have a baby lest the spectre again reappears.—*"Heredity," Bermondsey.*

Jacob and Esau

My elder brother Robert had been a great trouble to our widowed mother, and finally he ran away to sea.

Soon afterwards my uncle died, leaving this young rascal, of whom he was very fond, a considerable sum of money.

Mother conceived the idea of making out to the solicitors that I was her son Robert, and the money was paid to me instead.

I have reason to believe that my brother is not far off at the present moment.

Should he ever find out the deception I shall probably lose all that I now possess.—*B. W., Highbury.*

Waiting For It

I have a son who was born with a kink. He cannot go straight.

A brilliant man of good education, he possesses a perfect genius for swindling. Twice he has been to jail; on innumerable occasions his ingenuity alone has saved him.

He is now about to be promoted to a position of trust in a firm which does not know his record. I fear that, sooner or later, will come the irresistible temptation, and then the crash.—*Mother, Fulham, S.W.*

There First

The skeleton in my cupboard is a real, live man. He is my wife's former husband, from whom she obtained a divorce.

He is far from being all bad, and to-day we meet on the best of terms.

Whether it is my inherent suspicion, lack of faith or some premonition of evil that obsesses me, I sometimes feel that the priority claim will some day encompass all my beautiful dreams of happiness, and all that I had counted on so much will prove only a chimera.—*"Doubtful," Altrincham.*

In the Pit

I am one of those most unfortunate persons, a miner. I am young, ambitious and persevering, yet I possess a skeleton in my cupboard. It is the dread that I shall always remain a miner.

It is not that I dread the work; neither do I think it is degrading; but it is because the wages are insufficient to enable a respectable, striving young man to prepare for his future.

As, day after day, I find myself still a miner with no prospects, I wonder if I am doomed to poverty all my life.—*E. H., Lancashire.*

Ramsay Mac Is His

I live in a strongly Conservative village, where I keep a small general store. My guilty secret is that, in the recent General Election, I voted for the Labour candidate.

If my fellow-villagers knew this I should be compelled to shut up my shop, for none of them would deal with me again.—*"Labour," South of England.*

* * *

Letters in Little

The skeleton in my cupboard is that my father was a German. He died in an internment camp, but a kinder man never lived.—*"Unfair," Banff.*

The demon of war had shattered my happiness. My husband found another home in a town many miles away. Each Saturday his remittance comes; but what is money to a desolate heart?—*C. B., Newcastle.*

Fear is the skeleton that finds a place in the inner recesses of most workmen's hearts—the fear of being ill and leaving children to the tender mercy of the world.—*R. G., Hindley.*

For fifty years I have been married to a man to whom a child's laughter, beautiful music or a field in spring mean nothing—his soul is dead.—*B. C., Cheshire.*

A violent temper is my skeleton, that will step from the cupboard in least expected moments.—*M. H., Kennington.*

Being one of the many unfortunate unemployed, I can see a skeleton in my cupboard five days out of every week.—*A. H., Darlaston.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

Here's a Long Shot

TRIGO'S "Irish jig" at Epsom put approximately half a million into the bookmakers' banking accounts, but, judging from my mail-bag, a large number of JOHN BULL readers got out satisfactorily on our each-way long shot, Walter Gay.

In tipping the colt almost a month before the race I wrote: "Without hesitation I suggest Walter Gay, as I think this grandson of Lord Woolavington's gold-mine stallion, Hurry On, will be the Beckhampton pea."

Walter Gay proved an excellent Beckhampton pea, but, unfortunately, he ran "green" in the early stages of the race and met with all the trouble that was going later on.

There is a horse running at Ascot which I gave in these notes two years ago for the Irish Derby—Knight of the Grail. He won and also turned up in his next race. Since then he has run eighteen times without being the first to catch the judge's eye.

In spite of this long list of failures, I think Knight of the Grail a good each-way wager for Ascot's biggest gambling race, the Hunt Cup. He will be running for the first time under the colours of Mr. Sol Joel, and should be at a long price.

The "Knight" appears to like the Royal heath. I saw him running here as a two-year-old. The following year he ran second to Sundry, with Hot Night, runner-up in the Epsom Derby, unplaced. Twelve months ago he ran third in the Hunt Cup to Priory Park

This time the luck of the Joels may see him through.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 13, to Wednesday, June 19, and will then be revised.

Q R H L I A 3 O E F W V P X C

N Z 7 U S 9 T K M J D G Y B 5

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* read the one above or below, as the case may be. Y9U9SIZKP9U would read PALAIS ROYAL.

"SILVER RING."

RUGS GIVEN AWAY

This PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the readers of "John Bull"

On receipt of P.O. for 10s. 6d. (Carriage 1s. extra), we will forward, direct from our Looms to your address, one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN

CARPETS (GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAINS),

F. Hodgson & Sons will send their Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Brussellette, Tapestry, Axminster, Wilton, etc., Carpets and Rugs; Cretonnes, Tapestries, Linoleum, Oilcloths, etc., post free to any reader of this paper.

suitable for Drawing-room, Dining-room, Bedroom, &c. Handsomely bordered in new Tudoric patterns (as illustration) and fashionable shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues, and Art Colourings to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. These Carpets, with FREE RUGS, will be sent out as Sample Carpets. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own, can only be obtained direct from our Looms, thus saving the purchaser all middle profits. Money willingly refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and Unsolicited Testimonials received.

10/6

With every Carpet we shall absolutely give away a very handsome Rug to match

HODGSON & SONS (Dept. J.B.), Manufacturers & Merchants, Woodsley Road, Leeds.

£500 AWARDED

in "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD COMPETITION No. 14.

NO correct solution was received for "John Bull" Crossword Competition No. 14. Solutions containing one error only were received from :—

Miss A. Green, Vine Cottage, Appleshaw, Andover, Hants, and

Mr. Robert Irenside, Allanvale Road, Bridge of Allan, Stirlingshire,

to each of whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £250 will be despatched.

Another £500 X-Word appears on page 40

TRY YOUR SKILL NOW!

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Here's the Bike for YOU

Prices from £3.19.6 CASH

GUARANTEED FOR EVER

Ride it for 15 days without obligation to buy! See the bike and realise its value! We will send one of these easy-running 'no trouble' ALL-BRITISH Mead Cycles

CARRIAGE PAID TO YOUR DOOR

on payment of 2/6 deposit, and if found unsuitable you can return the machine and have your money refunded. Built for comfort, speed and durability, there is no better Bicycle made at the price, and it will take you anywhere without effort, trouble or expense.

All Mead Bicycles are sent

DIRECT FROM THE FACTORY

ready for riding and *our new easy-instalment scheme allows you to choose your own way of paying.*

Write TO-DAY for beautifully illustrated Catalogue describing 20 different models and see what you save by buying a bicycle with a 40 years' reputation.

2/6 Deposit.

Nothing more to pay till you have ridden the cycle ONE MONTH

Mead CYCLE CO. LIMITED

(Dept. B756), BIRMINGHAM.

Last but not Least!

and placed where it is readily available for emergency use.

The YADIL Bottle

to ward off chills and chance infections. Also a tin of Ointment for cuts and stings and skin-damage.

Prices: liquid from 2/9. Ointment from 1/9.

certified by public analysts as safe and non-poisonous. Send to the address below for a free copy of the Yadil Book of Home Treatment"

YADIL PRODUCTS (1925) LTD

SICILIAN HOUSE, SICILIAN AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.1

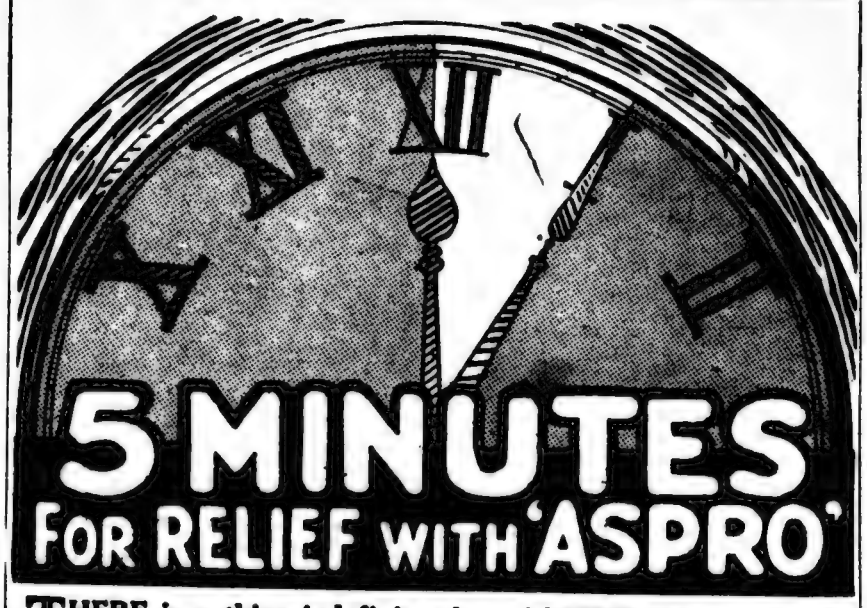
DOUBLED-UP WITH STOMACH PAIN.

Grand Cure By Bile Beans.

"Six years ago my digestive troubles began," says Mr. J. Lindsay, a motor driver, of 84, Ashted Row, Birmingham. "Food disagreed and I had sharp pains across the chest and a gnawing sensation in the stomach. After a meal I was absolutely done, with spasms of cramp and pains which doubled me up. Often when driving the lorry I turned so dizzy and faint that I had to pull up until the attack had passed. In the end I had to give up my job altogether. Three doctors attended me and I took all kinds of medicines and pills.

"It was a red letter day when my wife got me to try Bile Beans. In a gentle yet thorough manner without any griping or purging, Bile Beans ended the bouts of pain and sickness. Food has no pain or terror now—my stomach is right and I sleep like a top and feel fit for anything."

For biliousness, indigestion, constipation, headaches, anæmia, debility and for purifying the blood Bile Beans are simply splendid. Of all chemists and stores 1/3 (40 Bile Beans) and 3/- size (120 BileBeans), sealed boxes only.



THERE is nothing indefinite about 'ASPRO.' Its service is QUICK - safe—effective and definite. It brings its relief in 5 to 10 minutes and then goes on to dispel or dissolve the cause of the pain, allowing Nature to effect its own cure. Furthermore, you get no harmful after-effects from 'ASPRO' as it is speedily eliminated from the system a few hours after being taken. It neither dopes, deadens nor drugs. After ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' is :—

1. A Solvent of Uric Acid.
2. A powerful germicide.
3. An anti-pyretic or fever destroyer.
4. An anti-fermentative.
5. An anti-periodic.

'ASPRO' equally benefits the child and the parent.

FIRST AID FOR FEVERS

CHICKEN POX
SCARLATINA
MEASLES

As a first aid for fevers and complaints accompanied by feverish conditions, 'ASPRO' is a veritable miracle worker. Malaria—hay fever—influenza fevers will quickly yield to 'ASPRO.' The fall in temperature in 5 to 10 minutes is most marked. In the case of chicken pox, measles, and scarlatina, and kindred complaints for children, the effect is first to reduce the fever and then hasten the complaint's action by bringing the rash out. The best method of dealing with these complaints is to put the patient to bed immediately, notify the doctor, give 'ASPRO' as first aid, the rash will then appear very quickly, resulting in the saving of days or weeks of prolonged illness. 'ASPRO,' too, has a soothing effect for these complaints. IF 'ASPRO' IS TAKEN AT THE FIRST SYMPTOMS OF THESE COMPLAINTS IT WILL IN THE MAJORITY OF CASES PREVENT THEIR DEVELOPMENT.

EVEN A CHILD CAN TAKE 'ASPRO'

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are; (a) with a little milk: or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dosage is; Children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, one tablet: 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like every other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

HEADACHES STOPPED MOTHER ALSO HELPED

51, May place, Fenton, Stoke on Trent, Staffs.

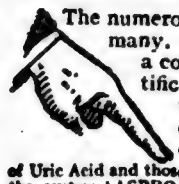
Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write and tell you what a relief I have found from 'ASPRO.' I suffer a lot from headache and nothing will stop it only 'ASPRO.' I have had such great relief from 'ASPRO' that I recommend it to all my friends. Not only myself have found relief but my mother has also found it and we are never without it.

I remain, Yours faithfully,

(Signed) JEAN WYATT.

WHY 'ASPRO' HAS SO MANY USES



The numerous uses of 'ASPRO' puzzle many. On the surface it seems a contradiction, yet it is scientific fact. The explanation is that 'ASPRO' attacks two of the main causes of numerous complaints, viz., those of Uric Acid and those of germ origin. After ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' becomes both a solvent of Uric Acid and a germicide. It is an internal antiseptic, anti-pyretic and also anti-periodic. All these facts have been definitely proved and are in the main the reasons why 'ASPRO' has such a variety of useful service.

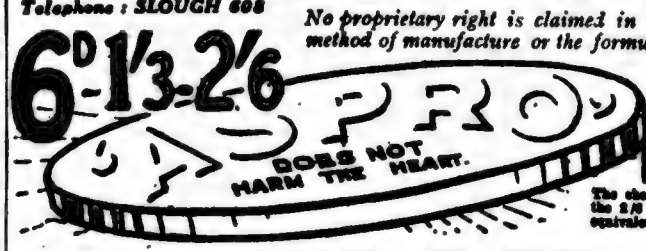
'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Telephone: SLOUGH 608

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

6D 1/3 2/6



'ASPRO' REGD. TRADE MARK

The cheapest way to buy 'ASPRO' is the 2/6 packet. It contains 60 tablets, equivalent to 3/- worth of 'ASPRO' for 2/6.

'ASPRO' STOPS HEADACHES IN 5 MINUTES

RELIEVES RHEUMATISM IN ONE NIGHT

BRINGS SWEET SLEEP TO THE SLEEPLESS

BANISHES COLDS & 'FLU, ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS, PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES, INCLUDING BOOTS — TAYLORS — TIMOTHY WHITES — SQUIRES — NEEDHAMS, ETC., STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL

£500 MUST BE WON

JOHN BULL'S SQUARE AND FAIR CROSSWORD

ENTRANCE FEE 6d FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

Only One Sixpenny Double Entry Allowed from Each Competitor.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) JUNE 20th.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JUNE 27th.
Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JULY 4th.

Quicker Results! Easier Than Ever! No Claims Required!

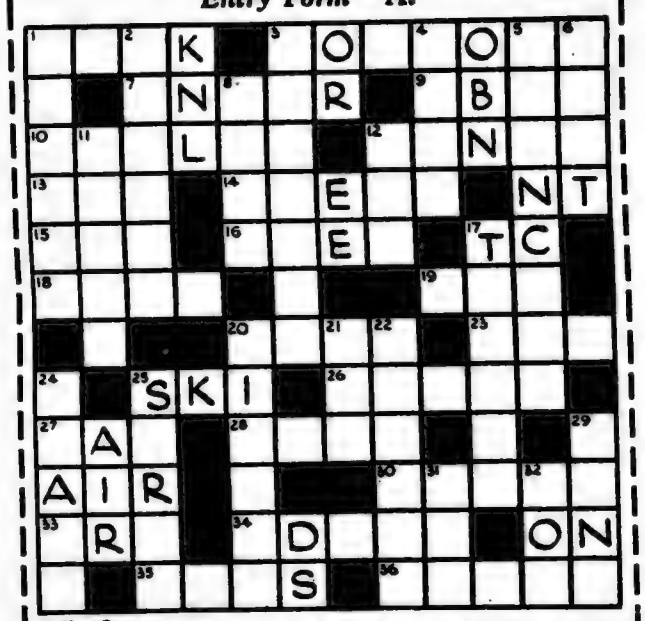
"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 17, which is given below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence TWO attempts. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), June 20th.

Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 14 appears on page 39.

JOHN BULL

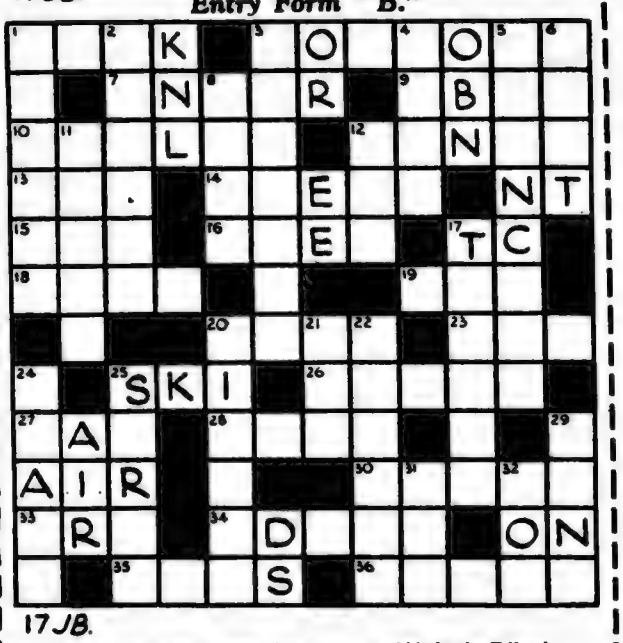
CROSSWORD No 17.

Entry Form "A."



17 JB.

Entry Form "B."



17 JB.

Clues Across

1. Went down.
3. Holds the oar when rowing.
7. Bury.
9. Skilful.
10. Make Cider.
12. A cloth.
13. Upper end.
14. Horse.
15. Lineal measure.
16. Fastened.
18. An act.
19. Exclamation of disgust.
20. A chair.
23. A meadow.
26. Past tense of will.
27. Smart tap.
28. Scottish dance.
30. Machine for turning.
33. Wrath.
34. Totalled.
35. Organs of hearing
36. Uncertainty.

Clues Down

1. Settled.
2. A test.
3. Obstinate.
4. Set down.
5. Grasped tightly.
6. English County.
8. Trial.
11. Stakes.
12. Headed.
17. A hay-loft.
20. Native Chief.
21. Terror.
22. Sounded.
24. To draw.
25. Merry frolic.
29. An opening.
31. Fuss.
32. Part of a grate.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

1. Fill in puzzle below IN INK, and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 17),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday June 20th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed /& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the entry forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 4th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, July 9th, on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:
The Competition Editor,
"John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

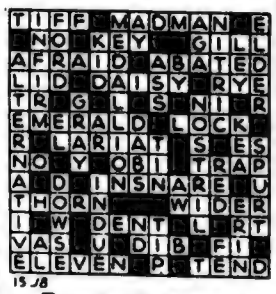
12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Solution of John Bull X-word No. 15.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 15 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.



15 JB

Result will be published next week.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.——— These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE
THURSDAY (NOON), JUNE 20th.

"A Cup of KINDNESS"

for poverty's bare table

So many who apply to "The Greatest of These——" Fund need just that—"A Cup of Kindness." They are passing through dark days when trouble upon trouble, like black clouds, seem piled over their heads.

An ex-Service man, who has struggled through four operations since he left the Army, and is still confined to his bed, tells us that he lies there worrying because his wife, whilst attending to himself and his children, accidentally threw her upper dental plate on the fire, and he does not see how he can make good her loss.

His vicar writes: "His is the hardest and most prolonged case of suffering I have ever experienced.

"For four years his continuous suffering has alternately been relieved and enhanced by protracted treatment at various hospitals, and a recent double operation has culminated in a septic wound.

"Prior to his present trouble he was in good and regular employment, and has ever since been on parish relief, on which he and his wife and children are dependent.

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Paint a little word-picture and draw a big cheque!

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Mrs. C. (Burnley).—"My husband used to catch me in his arms." Now he catches you in his pockets

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

W. P. (Bury).—"How many times have I written to you this year?" Too!

J. C. (Weybridge).—"Do gasometers explode often?" Only once.

G. T. (Selmere).—"Every girl clings to her youth." Especially at the kinema.

F. G. (Harlesden).—"The modern servant does not know her place." She does not stop in her place long enough.

P. T. (Northolt).—"Some men are always robbing Peter to pay Paul." And others just rob Peter.

P. G. (Slough).—"My children make so much noise that I can never hear a wireless programme." Congratulations.

R. T. (Orpington).—"What can I do to make my dreams come true?" Wake up.

H. J. (Acton).—"Why do men still cling to the bowler hat?" Because of the wind.

H. F. (Malden).—"The world needs a new religion." It hasn't used much of the old one yet, anyway.

T. A. (Peterborough).—"Do you believe in clubs for women?" Yes, if kindness fails.

T. P. (Boston).—"There are two things that prevent happiness in marriage." Yes, a man and a woman.

GLADYS (Hove).—"I would not mind being kissed to death." And can't you find an executioner?

H. G. (Bath).—"I am studying to become a dress designer." Learning more and more about less and less.

J. G. (Coventry). — "Thinking lengthens life." If you think quick enough, perhaps.

H. J. T. (Norbury).—"I always sing while I shave." You must have a better razor than we have.

H. A. (Biggleswade).—"Many women have thick ankles and thick knees." To say nothing of their thick skins.

F. S. (Thorpe).—"Most people have a lot of good in them." And the majority manage to keep it there.

L. S. (Bermondsey).—"Don't you loathe the idea of work on Monday?" Yes. Also on Tuesday, Wednesday, and the three following days.

A. P. (Kennington).—"East is East and West is West." And have you ever noticed that North is exactly opposite South?

D. T. (Angmering).—"My car broke down and I had to hire men to get it to a garage." That's when you were pushed for money.

F. S. (Hounslow).—"Unfortunately my new summer dress does not suit my complexion." Which are you going to change?

D. L. (Wakefield).—"The man who hides behind a woman's skirt is a worm." He must be about as big as that, anyway.

H. C. (Derby).—"There has been an epidemic of bungalow robberies here." Evidently a young cat-burglar starting at the bottom.

A. T. (Hanwell).—"I sit back in my padded chair and compose my poems in comfort." Are the walls padded, too?

T. B. (Haslemere).—"I never touch vegetables, and I believe the dislike is hereditary." Was your father an actor?

P. R. (Exeter).—"My husband says he doesn't gamble, but I'm not so sure." You may catch him napping.

P. N. (Penge).—"People called it the broccoli election." That accounts for the cigar one canvasser gave us.

E. R. (Pudsey).—"Our cat has just had kittens." Did you expect pups?

C. H. (Pitsea).—"In the spring a young man's fancy——" Is often left at the post.

P. B. (Burnt Oak).—"The burglars took all our best towels, but they were marked." G.W.R. or L.M.S.?

L. B. (Partick).—"What is the best book to take away on a holiday?" A cheque-book.

T. D. (Clacton).—"He spends a tidy sum on whisky." Perhaps he likes it neat.

R. M. (Northampton).—"Twelve always make a dozen." But very few make a million.

T. B. (Calais).—"Your English weather is trying." But with indifferent success.

V. N. (Farnham).—"A dog can't stand the sound of bagpipes without howling." This only goes to prove the contention that dogs are almost human.

B. R. (Chepstow).—"The birth of a new baby brings joy into the house." Perhaps you will let us know if you ever hear of the birth of an old baby.

T. E. (Harpenden).—"Wood for making pianos is often kept for forty years." And even this is not half long enough.

C. T. (Sudbury).—"I have nothing to be thankful for. I can't even pay my bills." Then be thankful you are not one of your creditors.

E. K. G. (Liverpool).—"Calendar reform will have both good and bad points." Yes, it will mean an extra pay day, but also an extra rent day.

H. M. (Sheen).—"Who is the laziest man in the world?" The fellow who rides in an old-type Ford to save having to knock the ash off his cigar.

F. C. (Bournemouth).—"What becomes of furniture that is too old even for poor people?" It is kept until it is old enough for rich ones.

MRS. M. (King's Lynn).—"I'm troubled with a little wart that I want to have removed." We do not offer advice on divorce questions.

D. N. (Bristol).—"I have invented a cardboard as strong as iron." Good—our Christmas cards always wear out after a few seasons.

G. C. (Wembley).—"I have no luck with women." Lucky fellow!

J. B. (Cambridge).—"I fell for her." And did she break you?

Mrs. L. (Bewdley).—"He told me to go to the devil." And did you go home to your husband?

L. M. (Sutton).—"I saw her leaving a telephone box." Well, she could hardly carry it away with her.

L. C. (Thurlow).—"I am fair and rather fat and he prefers a dark, slim girl." Dye it and diet.

T. B. (Barlow).—"The instalment man called and I asked him to come in and take a chair." Did he take the piano, too?

A. N. (Stevenage).—"I first met my husband at a croquet tournament." We'll add croquet to our list of dangerous sports.

C. T. (Buxton).—"As you must have gathered from the interview I had with you, I have plenty of go." Yes—and plenty of staying power.

G. N. (Pinner).—"One of his boys goes to a public school and the other works on the farm." One to Eton and the other to harrow?

F. M. (Creeton).—"America is manufacturing one saxophone every minute of the day." Peace seems as far off as ever.

L. T. (Sunbury).—"We are engaged, but I feel I am not good enough for her." When you're married she'll agree with that, anyway.

P. F. (Bristol).—"When I 'phoned you I got through with no delay." Mistakes will happen, even in the best regulated offices.

J. J. (Newport, Mon.).—"It took me from 6 p.m. to 6.30 to 'bus from the Bank to the Strand." And yet they call it the rush hour.

Miss K. N. (Pinner).—"She had her face lifted, but it was not very successful." Perhaps it fell when she saw the bill.

N. K. (Epsom).—"To make money one must work hard." This is certainly a great improvement on the present practice of entering a post-office and helping yourself.

H. F. (Wimbledon).—"Engineers are trying to produce a perfect motor-car." When that problem is solved perhaps someone will try to make pedestrians faster and more durable.

P. S. (Leeds).—"According to this year's seed catalogues there is a new kind of stringless bean." The millennium will be here when someone invents a stringless ukelele.

T. C. G. (Derby).—"He put his foot forward and I tripped up." Put your best foot forward and trip down to the seaside with a "Bullets" Holiday Prize Seventy offered this week on page 43.

B. S. (Rochester).—"The most profitable theatrical ventures are those in which the chorus is not underclad." Even tired business men become weary of the great, open spaces.

S. E. (Torquay).—"I have invented a petrol lighter which is built into a watch." You'll now be able to tell how long it takes to get a light from one of these things.

G. S. (Trent).—"She threw herself at my head." She knew your soft spot.

B. U. (Ventnor).—"What is a spinster's forte?" Being under thirty.

G. P. (Reading).—"I file all the letters I send you." It doesn't seem to give them any point.

S. L. (Mansfield).—"Nowadays a motor-car can get you anywhere." Yes, wherever you are they get you.

S. A. (Bradford).—"Most motoring accidents are caused by faulty brakes." Or too much play at the wheel.

S. McM. (Aberdeen).—"An expedition in search of gold will leave here shortly." We are not surprised.

G. B. V. (Hythe).—"A wealthy American is going to try to swim the Channel this year." If he fails, he will probably buy it to practise on at home.

A. P. (Stockwell).—"I feel that I could do more with my life if I had a goal." But meanwhile, there's nothing to prevent you from having a "try."

T. G. H. (Rotherham).—"For some months past, a single trouble has completely filled by mind." Well, why worry about such a little thing as that?

J. W. (Mirfield).—"Some wives find their husbands sentimental and some find them flippant." Some can't find them at all.

V. F. (Tewkesbury).—"What is a good reducing exercise?" Move the head from left to right when offered another helping.

W. S. (Brighton).—"Only a dozen or so authors have achieved immortality in 2,500 years." Most of the modern ones seem content to miss it by a "t."

D. J. (Dorking).—"The secret of co-operative farming has not yet been discovered." Community grumbling, however, is well known in agricultural circles.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

SUFFOLK CHRONICLE AND MERCURY:—"The bride was given away by Captain ——, WHO LOOKED CHARMING IN A GOWN OF IVORY GEORGETTE."

SMART NOVELS:—"'What shall I do?' she uttered ALOUD, BELOW HER BREATH."

PONTYPRIDD OBSERVER:—"We would like to give a list, but we are afraid that even if we put EVERYBODY'S NAME DOWN we would be sure to MISS A FEW."

PEG'S PAPER:—"He crossed the room and PEERED into Sancy's voice."

SUNDAY MAIL:—"High Jump Championship—Height 50 FEET 4 INCHES."

THE STAR:—"I was not prepared this week to see SIX men—NOT TOGETHER, but in FOUR separate groups."

THE EVENING SENTINEL:—"Board-residence near sea—vacancies; GOOD FOOD FROM JULY 25 ONWARDS."

SCHOOLBOY'S OWN LIBRARY:—"Wharton STARED angrily at the Lancashire lad, but Mark Linley DID NOT HEAR him."

EVENING NEWS:—"Another [WOMAN] carried a big GREEN BAG, which MATCHED in colour and pattern her BLUE AND BLACK FROCK."

THE WEST MIDDLESEX GAZETTE:—"Mrs. —— of South Ealing was knocked down by a motor-bus near Kew Bridge, but UNFORTUNATELY sustained no OTHER INJURY THAN SHOCK."

For crystal clear wireless reception use an

Exide

THE LONG LIFE BATTERY

Fit one on your car too.

Obtainable at all Exide Service Agents and reputable dealers.

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AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR ALL

£500 MUST BE WON

JOHN BULL'S SQUARE AND FAIR CROSSWORD

ENTRANCE FEE 6d FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

Only One Sixpenny Double Entry Allowed from Each Competitor.

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY (NOON) JUNE 20th.

Solution of Puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JUNE 27th.
Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale THURSDAY, JULY 4th.

Quicker Results! Easier Than Ever! No Claims Required!

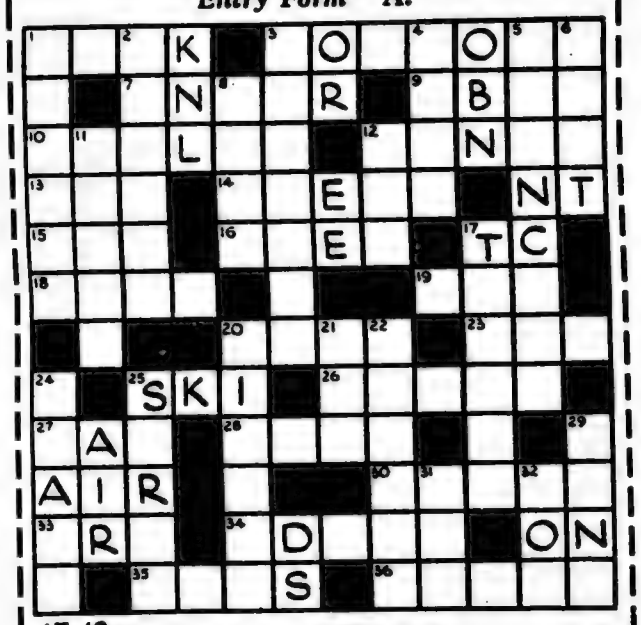
"JOHN BULL" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 17, which is given below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence TWO attempts. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), June 20th.

Result of "John Bull" X-word No. 14 appears on page 39.

JOHN BULL

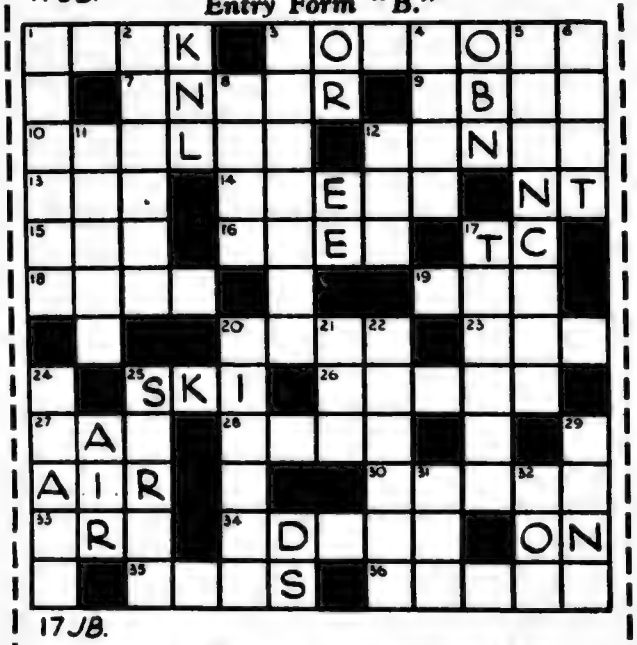
CROSSWORD No 17.

Entry Form "A."



17 JB.

Entry Form "B."



17 JB.

Clues Across

1. Went down.
3. Holds the oar when rowing.
7. Bury.
9. Skilful.
10. Make Cider.
12. A cloth.
13. Upper end.
14. Horse.
15. Lineal measure.
16. Fastened.
18. An act.
19. Exclamation of disgust.
20. A chair.
23. A meadow.
26. Past tense of will.
27. Smart tap.
28. Scottish dance.
30. Machine for turning.
33. Wrath.
34. Totalled.
35. Organs of hearing
36. Uncertainty.

Clues Down

1. Settled.
2. A test.
3. Obstinate.
4. Set down.
5. Grasped tightly.
6. English County.
8. Trial.
11. Stakes.
12. Headed.
17. A hay-loft.
20. Native Chief.
21. Terror.
22. Sounded.
24. To draw.
25. Merry frolic.
29. An opening.
31. Fuss.
32. Part of a grate.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary were used in compiling this puzzle.

Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully.

1 Fill in puzzle below IN INK, and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp and post to

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 17),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday June 20th.

Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed /& Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the entry forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of "John Bull" on sale Thursday, July 4th. Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post Tuesday, July 9th, on which date the prize-money will be dispatched and after which date no claims will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct, the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10 Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance for £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim proves valid.

Requests for scrutiny must be addressed to:
The Competition Editor,
"John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No._____
These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED.....

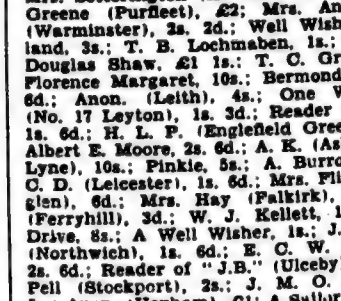
ADDRESS .....

.....

CLOSING DATE
THURSDAY (NOON), JUNE 20th.

Solution of John Bull X-word No. 15.

The Solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 15 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.



15 JB

Result will be published next week.

"A Cup of KINDNESS"

for poverty's bare table

So many who apply to "The Greatest of These——" Fund need just that—"A Cup of Kindness." They are passing through dark days when trouble upon trouble, like black clouds, seem piled over their heads.

An ex-Service man, who has struggled through four operations since he left the Army, and is still confined to his bed, tells us that he lies there worrying because his wife, whilst attending to himself and his children, accidentally threw her upper dental plate on the fire, and he does not see how he can make good her loss.

His vicar writes: "His is the hardest and most prolonged case of suffering I have ever experienced.

"For four years his continuous suffering has alternately been relieved and enhanced by protracted treatment at various hospitals, and a recent double operation has culminated in a septic wound.

"Prior to his present trouble he was in good and regular employment, and has ever since been on parish relief, on which he and his wife and children are dependent.

"The wife is a most persevering woman, most faithful to her husband, and, with the four children, all of school age, carries on the humble but clean home with every difficulty a woman can face.

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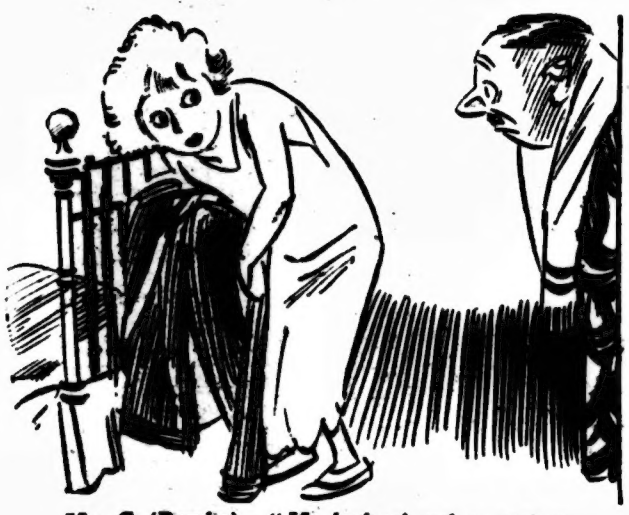

Mrs. C. (Burnley).—"My husband used to catch me in his arms." Now he catches you in his pockets

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

W. P. (Bury).—"How many times have I written to you this year?" Too!

J. C. (Weybridge).—"Do gasometers explode often?" Only once.

G. T. (Selmere).—"Every girl clings to her youth." Especially at the kinema.

F. G. (Harleaden).—"The modern servant does not know her place." She does not stop in her place long enough.

P. T. (Northolt).—"Some men are always robbing Peter to pay Paul." And others just rob Peter.

P. G. (Slough).—"My children make so much noise that I can never hear a wireless programme." Congratulations.

R. T. (Orpington).—"What can I do to make my dreams come true?" Wake up.

H. J. (Acton).—"Why do men still cling to the bowler hat?" Because of the wind.

H. P. (Malden).—"The world needs a new religion." It hasn't used much of the old one yet, anyway.

T. A. (Peterborough).—"Do you believe in clubs for women?" Yes, if kindness fails.

T. P. (Boston).—"There are two things that prevent happiness in marriage." Yes, a man and a woman.

GLADYS (Hove).—"I would not mind being kissed to death." And can't you find an executioner?

H. G. (Bath).—"I am studying to become a dress designer." Learning more and more about less and less.

J. G. (Coventry). — "Thinking lengthens life." If you think quick enough, perhaps.

H. J. T. (Norbury).—"I always sing while I shave." You must have a better razor than we have.

H. A. (Biggleswade).—"Many women have thick ankles and thick knees." To say nothing of their thick skins.

F. S. (Thorpe).—"Most people have a lot of good in them." And the majority manage to keep it there.

L. S. (Bermondsey).—"Don't you loathe the idea of work on Monday?" Yes. Also on Tuesday, Wednesday, and the three following days.

A. P. (Kennington).—"East is East and West is West." And have you ever noticed that North is exactly opposite South?

D. T. (Angmering).—"My car broke down and I had to hire men to get it to a garage." That's when you were pushed for money.

F. S. (Hounslow).—"Unfortunately my new summer dress does not suit my complexion." Which are you going to change?

D. L. (Wakefield).—"The man who hides behind a woman's skirt is a worm." He must be about as big as that, anyway.

H. C. (Derby).—"There has been an epidemic of bungalow robberies here." Evidently a young cat-burglar starting at the bottom.

A. T. (Hanwell).—"I sit back in my padded chair and compose my poems in comfort." Are the walls padded, too?

T. B. (Haslemere).—"I never touch vegetables, and I believe the dislike is hereditary." Was your father an actor?

P. R. (Exeter).—"My husband says he doesn't gamble, but I'm not so sure." You may catch him napping.

P. N. (Penge).—"People called it the broccoli election." That accounts for the cigar one canvasser gave us.

E. R. (Pudsey).—"Our cat has just had kittens." Did you expect pups?

C. H. (Pitsea).—"In the spring a young man's fancy——" Is often left at the post.

P. B. (Burnt Oak).—"The burglars took all our best towels, but they were marked." G.W.R. or L.M.S.?

L. B. (Partick).—"What is the best book to take away on a holiday?" A cheque-book.

T. D. (Clacton).—"He spends a tidy sum on whisky." Perhaps he likes it neat.

R. M. (Northampton).—"Twelve always make a dozen." But very few make a million.

T. B (Calais).—"Your English weather is trying." But with indifferent success.

V. N. (Farnham).—"A dog can't stand the sound of bagpipes without howling." This only goes to prove the contention that dogs are almost human.

B. R. (Chepstow).—"The birth of a new baby brings joy into the house." Perhaps you will let us know if you ever hear of the birth of an old baby.

T. E. (Harpenden).—"Wood for making pianos is often kept for forty years." And even this is not half long enough.

C. T. (Sudbury).—"I have nothing to be thankful for. I can't even pay my bills." Then be thankful you are not one of your creditors.

E. K. G. (Liverpool).—"Calendar reform will have both good and bad points." Yes, it will mean an extra pay day, but also an extra rent day.

H. M. (Sheen).—"Who is the laziest man in the world?" The fellow who rides in an old-type Ford to save having to knock the ash off his cigar.

F. C. (Bournemouth).—"What becomes of furniture that is too old even for poor people?" It is kept until it is old enough for rich ones.

MRS. M. (King's Lynn).—"I'm troubled with a little wart that I want to have removed." We do not offer advice on divorce questions.

D. N. (Bristol).—"I have invented a cardboard as strong as iron." Good—our Christmas cards always wear out after a few seasons.

G. C. (Wembley).—"I have no luck with women." Lucky fellow!

J. B. (Cambridge).—"I fell for her." And did she break you?

MRS. L. (Bewdley).—"He told me to go to the devil." And did you go home to your husband?

L. M. (Sutton).—"I saw her leaving a telephone box." Well, she could hardly carry it away with her.

L. C. (Thurlow).—"I am fair and rather fat and he prefers a dark, slim girl." Dye it and diet.

T. B. (Barlow).—"The instalment man called and I asked him to come in and take a chair." Did he take the piano, too?

A. N. (Stevenage).—"I first met my husband at a croquet tournament." We'll add croquet to our list of dangerous sports.

C. T. (Buxton).—"As you must have gathered from the interview I had with you, I have plenty of go." Yes—and plenty of staying power.

G. N. (Pinner).—"One of his boys goes to a public school and the other works on the farm." One to Eton and the other to harrow?

F. M. (Creeton).—"America is manufacturing one saxophone every minute of the day." Peace seems as far off as ever.

L. T. (Sunbury).—"We are engaged, but I feel I am not good enough for her." When you're married she'll agree with that, anyway.

P. F. (Bristol).—"When I 'phoned you I got through with no delay." Mistakes will happen, even in the best regulated offices.

J. J. (Newport, Mon.).—"It took me from 6 p.m. to 6.30 to 'bus from the Bank to the Strand." And yet they call it the rush hour.

MISS K. N. (Pinner).—"She had her face lifted, but it was not very successful." Perhaps it fell when she saw the bill.

N. K. (Epsom).—"To make money one must work hard." This is certainly a great improvement on the present practice of entering a post-office and helping yourself.

H. F. (Wimbledon).—"Engineers are trying to produce a perfect motor-car." When that problem is solved perhaps someone will try to make pedestrians faster and more durable.

P. S. (Leeds).—"According to this year's seed catalogues there is a new kind of stringless bean." The millennium will be here when someone invents a stringless ukelele.

T. C. G. (Derby).—"He put his foot forward and I tripped up." Put your best foot forward and trip down to the seaside with a "Bullets" Holiday Prize Seventy offered this week on page 43.

B. S. (Rochester).—"The most profitable theatrical ventures are those in which the chorus is not underclad." Even tired business men become weary of the great, open spaces.

S. E. (Torquay).—"I have invented a petrol lighter which is built into a watch." You'll now be able to tell how long it takes to get a light from one of these things.

G. S. (Trent).—"She threw herself at my head." She knew your soft spot.

B. U. (Ventnor).—"What is a spinster's forte?" Being under thirty.

G. F. (Reading).—"I file all the letters I send you." It doesn't seem to give them any point.

S. L. (Mansfield).—"Nowadays a motor-car can get you anywhere." Yes, wherever you are they get you.

S. A. (Bradford).—"Most motoring accidents are caused by faulty brakes." Or too much play at the wheel.

S. McM. (Aberdeen).—"An expedition in search of gold will leave here shortly." We are not surprised.

G. B. V. (Hythe).—"A wealthy American is going to try to swim the Channel this year." If he fails, he will probably buy it to practise on at home.

A. P. (Stockwell).—"I feel that I could do more with my life if I had a goal." But meanwhile, there's nothing to prevent you from having a "try."

T. G. H. (Rotherham).—"For some months past, a single trouble has completely filled by mind." Well, why worry about such a little thing as that?

J. W. (Mirfield).—"Some wives find their husbands sentimental and some find them flippant." Some can't find them at all.

V. F. (Tewkesbury).—"What is a good reducing exercise?" Move the head from left to right when offered another helping.

W. S. (Brighton).—"Only a dozen or so authors have achieved immortality in 2,500 years." Most of the modern ones seem content to miss it by a "t."

D. J. (Dorking).—"The secret of co-operative farming has not yet been discovered." Community grumbling, however, is well known in agricultural circles.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

For crystal clear wireless reception use an

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THE LONG LIFE BATTERY

Fit one on your car too.

Obtainable at all Exide Service Agents and reputable dealers.

G5

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slips."

SUFFOLK CHRONICLE AND MERCURY:—"The bride was given away by Captain ——, WHO LOOKED CHARMING IN A GOWN OF IVORY GEORGETTE."

SMART NOVELS:—"'What shall I do?' she uttered ALOUD, BELOW HER BREATH."

PONTYPRIDD OBSERVER:—"We would like to give a list, but we are afraid that even if we put EVERYBODY'S NAME DOWN we would be sure to MISS A FEW."

PEG'S PAPER:—"He crossed the room and PEERED into Sandy's VOICE."

SUNDAY MAIL:—"High Jump Championship—Height 50 FEET 4 INCHES."

THE STAR:—"I was not prepared this week to see SIX men—NOT TOGETHER, but in FOUR separate groups."

THE EVENING SENTINEL:—"Board-residence near sea—vacancies; GOOD FOOD FROM JULY 25 ONWARDS."

SCHOOLBOY'S OWN LIBRARY:—"Wharton STARED angrily at the Lancashire lad, but Mark Linley DID NOT HEAR him."

EVENING NEWS:—"Another [woman] carried a big GREEN BAG, which MATCHED in colour and pattern her BLUE AND BLACK FROCK."

THE WEST MIDDLESEX GAZETTE:—"Mrs. —— of South Ealing was knocked down by a motor-bus near Kew Bridge, but UNFORTUNATELY sustained NO OTHER INJURY THAN SHOCK."

SUITS ON EASY TERMS

The Graves System of Deferred Payments enables you to dress stylishly and well on little outlay. We supply Smartly Cut, Carefully Tailored Suits in materials which are not only of thoroughly dependable quality, but also of handsome design and in popular shades. Suits 30/- 39/- 63/- & 70/- on the easiest terms of payment.

WRITE FOR PATTERNS

A Post Card will bring you our full range of New Suit Styles & Patterns—Indigo Serges, Fancy Worsteds, Fashionable Saxony & Cheviot finish Suitings in a wide variety of designs & shades, etc. Our self measurement form enables you to give your correct measure, and we guarantee to supply a perfect-fitting suit. Write to-day.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Gone as if by Magic !

Throw away your razor—it only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. Don't use noxious, irritating depilatories—apply Veet, a perfumed, velvety cream—direct from the tube, wait a few moments, rinse it off and the hair is gone as if by magic, leaving the skin soft, smooth and white. Satisfactory results guaranteed or money refunded. 1/6 and 3/- everywhere.

Veet is a British Product of British Quality. Beware of cheap Foreign imitations.

VEET

Has New Hair

Kotalko Did It!

"I was almost bald," writes Miss Annie Thompson.

"I tried all kinds of treatments, but the falling of my hair continued.

"At last I was advised to try Kotalko, and to my great joy discovered that I had finally found the right thing. The new hair growth developed and strengthened. It has been maintained in length and quantity, as you will see by my photograph. My hair is all that can be desired.

"I cannot praise Kotalko sufficiently, for it has really worked wonders in my case."

Men also who were bald-headed for years report new hair growth through KOTALKO. Many testimonials from men and women.

Test Box If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 2, Percy Street (53 NO), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose 11 pence in stamps.

Name .....

Address .....

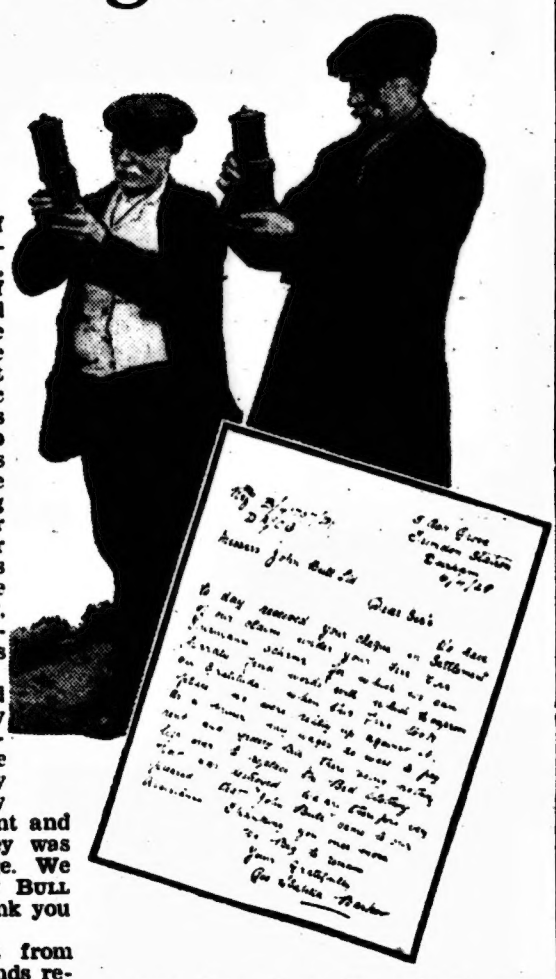
.....

FREE CASH PRIZES.

£200 in prizes for "Limerick" last lines. The proprietors of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese offer a 1st prize of £50; 2nd prize, £20; 3rd prize, £10, and other prizes, for the best last line to the limerick appearing in the advt. on page 25. Write your last line on paper and attach the small label from a packet of "Diploma" Crustless Cheese, or a label from "Diploma" or "Coronet" Milk. Note the closing date, which is Wednesday, June 26. Send your attempt NOW! Be sure to mark your entry Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Dept. 7, Trowbridge, Wilts. Enter at once!

A Miner *up against it!*

"JOHN BULL" TO THE RESCUE



MR. G. BARKER, of 5, Ash Grove, Trimdon Station, Durham, is one of those sturdy and stout-hearted men who delve beneath the ground for a living. There came a day when, without warning, fire played havoc with the belongings in his modest little home. Up against it, with no funds available to pay for the damage, and, remembering he was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, he applied for a benefit under JOHN BULL'S free insurance. A cheque was speedily forthcoming, which Mr. Barker acknowledges in his own way as follows:—

"We have to-day received your cheque and can hardly find words with which to express our gratitude. When the fire took place we were really up against it. As a miner, my wages do well to pay the rent and the grocery bill. No money was left over to repair the damage. We are very pleased that JOHN BULL came to our assistance. Thank you once more."

A letter written straight from the heart—typical of thousands received by JOHN BULL from readers in their hour of need.

Would *you* receive a cheque from JOHN BULL if a fire reduced your cherished belongings to ashes? Why not sign the forms now and feel safe?

FIRE—UP TO £400

Owing to lack of space, we give the names of only a few who benefit this week.

ABERAMAN, ABERDARE.—Mrs. J. Morgan, 44, Glamorgan Street.
Nr. ASHBOURNE, DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. E. Harrison, Wall Ash, Mayfield.
BRADFORD.—Mr. W. J. Goult, 51, Walter Street, Bolton Wood.
BRAEMAR.—Mr. J. Bell, The Neuk.
BRISTOL.—Mrs. E. Lewis, 30, Somerset Street, Redcliff.
BURNHAM MARKET, NORFOLK.—Mr. H. J. Arter, Mill Yard.
CARLISLE.—Mrs. L. Butler, 2, Stewarts Court, Corporation Road.
Nr. CHESTERFIELD.—Mr. J. Greaves, 46, Clowne Road, Stanfree.
CLYDACH, SWANSEA.—Mrs. C. Jarvis, 3, Grove Road.
CWMCARN, MON.—Mrs. J. Bushell, 25, Newport Road.
DORCHESTER.—Mr. A. E. Neal, 6, Alington Road.
DONCASTER.—Mr. E. Hall, 18, Ridge Road, Highfields.
EASINGWOLD, YORKS.—Mr. John Wm. Cowling, Long Street.
FISHBURN, STOCKTON-ON-TEES.—Mrs. C. Hall, 8, Fishburn Terrace.
GORSEINON.—Mr. J. Matthews, Kingsbridge Inn.
E. GREENWICH, S.E.10.—Mr. W. A. Banks, 58, Lenthorp Road.
HUDDERSFIELD.—Mrs. F. Walker, 20, Filbert Street, Birkby.
IDE, Nr. EXETER.—Mr. W. Harris, 3, Huntsman Cottages.
KIPPAX, Nr. LEEDS.—Mr. B. Illingworth, Well Lane.
LEEDS.—Mr. M. Cain, 9, Kendall Place, Hanover Square.
LEEDS.—Mrs. D. Hunter, 13, Farrar Street, Green Road.
LEICESTER.—Mrs. J. Hardy, 12b, Kentish Street.
LINCOLN.—Mr. W. P. Rollitt, 248, Wragby Road.
Nr. SPALDING, LINCS.—Mr. G. Merchant, Moulton Seas End.
WASHINGTON, DURHAM.—Mr. N. Rudd, 11, Avon Street.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—Mr. J. Davies, 35, Lime Street.

HOLIDAYS: To remain qualified for the benefits, readers are reminded that it will be necessary to show that they purchased "John Bull" whilst away, and that before leaving they instructed their newsagent to recommence the regular weekly delivery immediately on their return.

FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, SICKNESS, ACCIDENT & CHILDREN'S BENEFITS

CUT HERE

Hand this Coupon to your newsagent.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 15.6.29

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

..... Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 15.6.29

FREE TRIAL

Descriptive Booklet & Diet Table for all who suffer from

RHEUMATOID ARTHRITIS, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, GOUT, SCIATICA, NEURITIS,

A most useful book has just been published telling the romantic story of the discovery of Curicones—a wonderful remedy for all troubles of a Rheumatic nature. If you are a sufferer, send to-day for your free copy and trial package. It may mean the dawn of a new life! A life free from pain and stiffness.

Hundreds of letters and testimonials—from Doctors, Chemists, and people in all stations of life. Never mind whether you are told that your trouble is due to Microbes, Uric Acid, or other poison—send for the book, diet table and free trial package to-day.

STEPHEN MATTHEWS & CO. LTD.,
Manufacturing Chemist and Druggist,
(Dept. J.B.) 19-21, Farringdon Street, LONDON, E.C.

Is It Really Cured?

Sufferers from Venereal Diseases who give up Treatment without the doctor's consent are running a grave risk of dangerous complications and permanent ill-health. The symptoms sometimes disappear for a time, but the patient may remain infective, and the trouble break out with renewed violence if treatment has been abandoned. The only satisfactory assurance of a permanent cure is a clean bill of health from the doctor.

Those desiring free information (in plain cover) about Venereal Diseases should apply in confidence to the Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council (Incorporated), Dept. P, Carteret Street, Westminster, S.W.1 (St. James's Park Station), and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 6-30 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Six useful Booklets for Parents, 1s. 4d. the set. Four useful Booklets for Girls, 8d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1s. 3d. the set, all post free, in plain cover.

GRAVES PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE WITH 10 RECORDS

is the finest value ever offered.

5/- NOW

An extremely neat, good-looking instrument of excellent quality and wonderfully clear and powerful tone, complete with a whole concert programme of Records, 20 selections.

Size closed, 16×12½×6

The GRAVES PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE is covered with waterproof leather cloth, nickel-plated corners, spring fasteners, & carrying handle. Smooth-running motor, 10in Turntable, speed regulator, and starting & stopping device. The Sound Box reproduces with amazing fidelity. Receptacle in lid for Records. Price complete £2.18.6

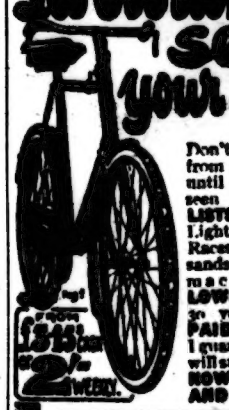
TERMS: 5/- with order, and 13 monthly payments of 5/-

Write for Catalogue of Horn, Hornless, Cabinet and Portable models. List of needle Records post free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. Sheffield

WITH 10 DOUBLE-SIDED 10-INCH RECORDS (Twenty Selections).

Let O'Brien of Coventry send your Bike



POUNDS BELOW SHOP KEEPERS PRICES

Don't order a Bike from anywhere until you have seen my FREE LISTS. Roadsters, Light Roadsters, Racers and thousands of other machines AT LOWEST PRICES known for 30 years. ALL CARRIAGE PAID and ON APPROVAL. I guarantee my prices & terms will suit your pocket. WRITE NOW FOR MY FREE LISTS AND SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

EDWD. O'BRIEN, LTD.
The World's Largest Cycle Dealers,
Dept. 6, COVENTRY.

"ALL tickets ready!" the collectors will soon be shouting above the clamour of holiday crowds. Here are JOHN BULL's tickets—all ready to give seventy "Bulleteers" the cheapest holiday of their lives.

Seventy substantial holiday cheques as well as big prizes of £250, £50 and £25—just for fitting TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to one of the *Examples* on this page!

Let the successful *Bullets* below show you how to win a Holiday Prize.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 717

FIRST PRIZE OF £300:
Mr. J. GEE, 37, Railway View, Gwm, Mon.
Example:—AGAINST THE LAW
Bullet:—BEGGING? WELL, "ARREST" POVERTY.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. R. MARSHALL, 7, Hilton Avenue, Scarborough.
Example:—HE WAS WARNED, BUT
Bullet:—WASN'T COLUMBUS? WASN'T SEGRAVE?

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. R. ROSE, 27, Gannow Hill, Ashton-on-Ribble, Preston.
Example:—BARRED
Bullet:—OPPORTUNITY'S DOOR—*Your* SIDE

20 Prizes of £6 each:

Miss M. ARCHIBALD, 18, George Street, Edinburgh. SHIPMATES—TILL MOTHER-IN-LAW "BOARDED" US.

A. ASHDOWN, Spring Grove Cotts., Teynham, Kent. TONIC FOR THE NATION—IF CANDIDATES "KEPT PLEDGE."

Miss S. BARROW, Mottram St. Andrew, Prestbury. ONE THING'S CERTAIN—"GRINDSTONE" DIDN'T REDDEN NOSE."

J. BERMINGHAM, 129, Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W. SUPERHUMAN EFFORT—TOMMY WALKED ROUND PUDDLE!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. E. BRIDGEWATER, 57, Mill Lane, Wallasey, Ches. SHIPMATES—MANY WHILE "SEA'S CALM."

W. CATLOW, 44, Healey Wood Road, Burnley. AFTER ALL THE COMMOTION—HAS "ALICE" MADE "WONDERLAND"?

W. FISHER, 5, Westmoreland Place, London, S.W. AFTER ALL THE COMMOTION—SOMEBODY WAKES POST-OFFICE DETECTIVES.

F. GATES, 3, Front Street, Haswell Plough, Co. Durham. BOOKIE'S HARVEST—FROM "BEST SELECTED *Stiffs*."

F. GOWER, 123, Elm Road, Kingston-on-Thames. SUMMER'S COMING SO—"HEATH" DRAWS "ROBINSON."

H. HALL, "Star" Social Club, Warsop, Notts. HIS WIFE AND FAMILY?—"POSSESSIONS" ENTIRELY "SELF-GOVERNING."

A. JACKSON, 42, Parker Avenue, Bengeo, Hertford. AGAINST THE LAW—OFTEN TRESPASS NOTICE ITSELF.

G. JEWITT, 9, Minster Moorgate West, Beverley. WE SHALL SEE—OR GOVERNMENT WILL HEAR!

C. PARNELL, 131, Straumillis Road, Belfast. SUPERHUMAN EFFORT—"BUT, MY DEAR—"

H. S. RICHES, 42, St. Mary's Road, Peckham, S.E. SUMMER'S COMING SO—PREPARE TO BE "STUNG."

Mrs. E. J. ROLLISSON, 30, Kenbor Road, Tooting, S.W. THANK GOODNESS—EPSTEIN DIDN'T MAKE *Statutes*.

E. SALES, 115, Drakefell Road, Brockley, S.E. SUMMER'S COMING SO—NATURE'S "CARPET" SAVING MOTHER'S.

F. TAYLOR, 37, Stronden Road, Bournemouth. NEVER THE SAME—SINCE COUNTRY "RETURNED FATHER."

H. TYLDESLEY, 31, Radley Square, Bulwell, Notts. PRICE OF HAPPINESS DIFFERENT—"TRUST" FIXES THAT.

W. WHITE, Thomas Street, Merthyr Tydfil. COMMON TO ALL—"ENTRANCE," "EXIT" "ACTS," OURS.

H. WORTH, Well Street, Malpas, Ches. AFTER ALL THE COMMOTION—"CARRYING OUT PROMISES" DEAD.

A list of 100 Luxury Gift winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. A list of 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

☛ Any reader may obtain a free copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, by forwarding halfpenny stamped addressed envelope. Sixpenny P.O., crossed and made payable to JOHN BULL, brings 12 issues post free. Address: "Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

5. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

Advance details for "Bullets" No. 721.

First Prize £3,000—Second £200—Third £50—20 Holiday Prizes of £6 each—50 Holiday Prizes of £5 each. 50 Prizes of 10s. 2,000 Prizes of 2/6. 10,000 "Target" Prizes.

Ramsay MacDonald—Green With Envy—Summer—Party Walls—To The Sea—Might Be Worth While—The Common People—Castle In The Air—Quiet Life—Ideal Woman—All Day Long Parliamentary Cricket—Veil Of Secrecy—Hitting—Quite All Right—Trade Thermometer—If It Hadn't Rained—Word To The Wise—Now, Mr. Weather Clerk—The Death Penalty—Her Idea Of Love—Spirit Of Hatred—On Life's Railway—Sunshine Of Prosperity—Lean Times—The Royal Road—Human Beings—Never Returns—A Thunderbolt—Everybody's Hoping—Somehow Or Other—Too Risky—Real Progress—Above All—For A Good Time—Stable Companions—Missing A Lot—In And Out—Just—The World's Work.

The original cheque for 500 Guineas awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 716 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Stacey, 295, Gladstone Street, Peterborough.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 720.

OUT IN THE COUNTRY	IMPUDENCE	ALL EXCEPT FATHER
SMART SET	LOSING HIS VOICE	WON'T DO TO-DAY
AT ENORMOUS EXPENSE	SPEAKING OFFICIALLY	"HAVEN'T YOU ANYTHING CHEAPER?"
GETTING THINGS DONE	SHE CHANGED HER MIND AND	SHADY SPOT
REMEMBER, MR M.P.	STRANGELY SILENT	PROMPTLY
WHERE TO GO	INTERESTING	WHEN SANDY LOST SAXPENCE
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE	TO EVERYBODY'S SURPRISE	STAR TURN
MORAL VICTORY	PUTTING HIS FOOT IN IT	WAGES
SINGLE-HANDED	TOO HOT	SWEPT ASIDE
UGLY SCENE	FLYING SQUAD	AT THE TOP OF THE TREE
FOUNT OF WISDOM	I'D LIKE A HOLIDAY, BUT	

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 22.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(720) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 22.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(720) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Use Two, Three, or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon

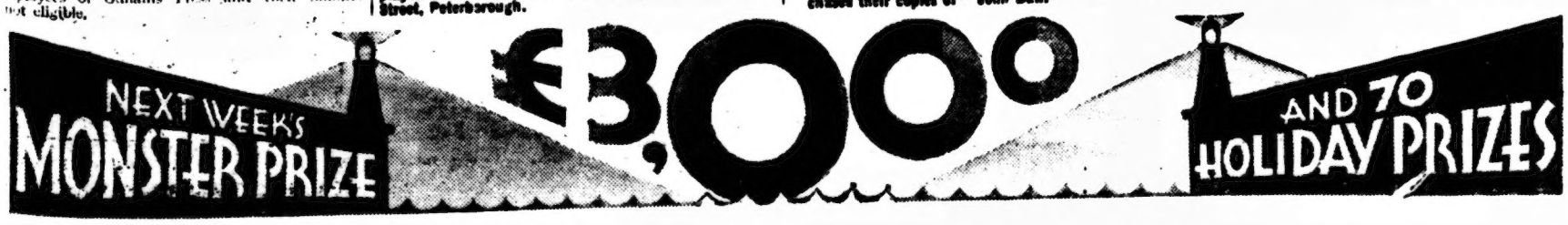
Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 22.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(720) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, SATURDAY, June 22.
Bullet
Example
Bullet
(720) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☛ **Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 720, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 720 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."



NO SOAP SHAVEX NO BRUSH

Mr. IVOR NOVELLO,
the celebrated author and composer, writes: "'Shavex' is a really splendid invention. I am so often asked to recommend preparations and can so seldom do so, but in this case my appreciation of your 'Shavex' is genuine. I shall always use it."

Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE,
the great actor, writes: "Once having used 'Shavex,' I could not use anything else. Nothing I have used before has left the skin so delightfully firm and fresh and in such a perfect condition. I shave in a quarter of the time."

"Shavex" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than smearing a little "Shavex" lightly over the beard, and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "Shavex" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush. Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "Shavex" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic and a Skin Preserver.

SHAVEX prevents formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeps away the ravages of time.

Travellers who, when on a journey, find themselves short of water, can always get a perfect shave when carrying SHAVEX and look fresh.

After being in sun or wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a SHAVEX shave.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. SHAVEX gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of SHAVEX.

It has taken the proprietors of "SHAVEX" three years to get a perfect blade that no one could compete with. There are very good Blades on the market, but to go with "SHAVEX" we wanted a perfect Blade. At last after three years we have a "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" that no Blade can compare with.

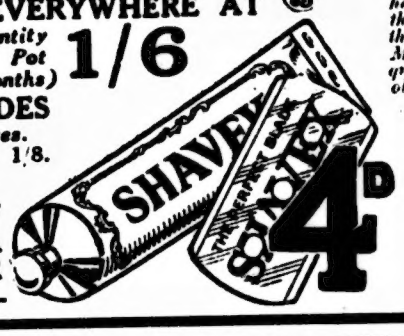
The "SHAVEX SUPER BLADE" and "SHAVEX" make the most perfect Shaving Combination that ever will be known.

SHAVEX IS SOLD EVERYWHERE AT

Large Tube **1/-** *Double Quantity in Tube or Pot (lasts four months)* **1/6**

SHAVEX SUPER BLADES
of all Chemists and Stores.
PACKET OF 5 BLADES 1/8.
One Blade 4d.

A SAMPLE TUBE OF SHAVEX AND A SHAVEX SUPER BLADE FOR——



MOTHER: Well, my dear, you look very happy this morning and much earlier than usual to breakfast.

HUSBAND: Yes, dear, I shall always be early in future. I have had the most wonderful shave of my life. I got a tube of Shavex as I heard so much about it and tried it this morning. I had the smoothest the easiest and the most perfect shave. My skin feels like satin, and in only quarter the usual time as with the old soap and brush method.

SON: Yes, dad! I used it after you and it is just the same with me. I have had a fine shave and my face feels as fresh as a daisy and as smooth as silk. It is so simple only to smear it on and shave, and what is left over on my face I rub in as the proprietors say it is a skin food as well.

MOTHER: Thank heaven, in the future you will always be early for breakfast.

Send this COUPON To-day!
for FREE SAMPLE of SHAVEX and TRIAL SHAVEX BLADE POST FREE.

Cut this Coupon out, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 4d. stamp to cover packing and postage to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R.11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

SKIN DISEASES

ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

CHILBLAINS.
"Every winter I have dreadful Chilblains. Zee-Kol cured in two nights."

ERYSIPELAS.
"Zee-Kol cured my Erysipelas."

Healed in a Night

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures in record time Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Rabia Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.** At all chemists; Zee-Kol Ointment at **1/3**, or a large tin **3/-**.

BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away. New skin forms in a few days.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples Zee-Kol cured them in a night they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, Etc.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful & Talented Women's Evidence that it

NEVER before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils — ALMOND OIL being one of its chief ingredients.

ALMOND Oil has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap because it is the smoothest, richest, most softening and most cleansing of all the vegetable oils.

"Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Soap and I will always use it and recommend it to all my friends."
PHYLLIS MONKMAN.

"Your Zee-Kol Soap is excellent for the skin and so perfect that all my friends will hear of this wonderful soap." FAY COMPTON.

"A wonderful soap for the complexion and to keep the skin perfect. All should use Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap."—
LILIAN BRAITHWAITE

"Unlike other soaps it does not dry up the skin, but has a softening and stimulating effect. It is a Perfect Soap."
MADGE TITHERADGE.

"A wonderful and soothing soap for the skin. My skin is very sensitive so I am happy to find such a perfect soap."
KYRLE BELLEW.

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

No skin tonic can compete with Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap for its marvellous action upon the skin. It is splendid for the most tender skins, even for babies just born.

No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price — 6d. instead of 1/-.

Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

A 1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D

FREE. A TUBE OF RABIA FACE CREAM is enclosed with every Tablet of ALMOND OIL TOILET SOAP.
ZEE-KOL
Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. S.14), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.

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